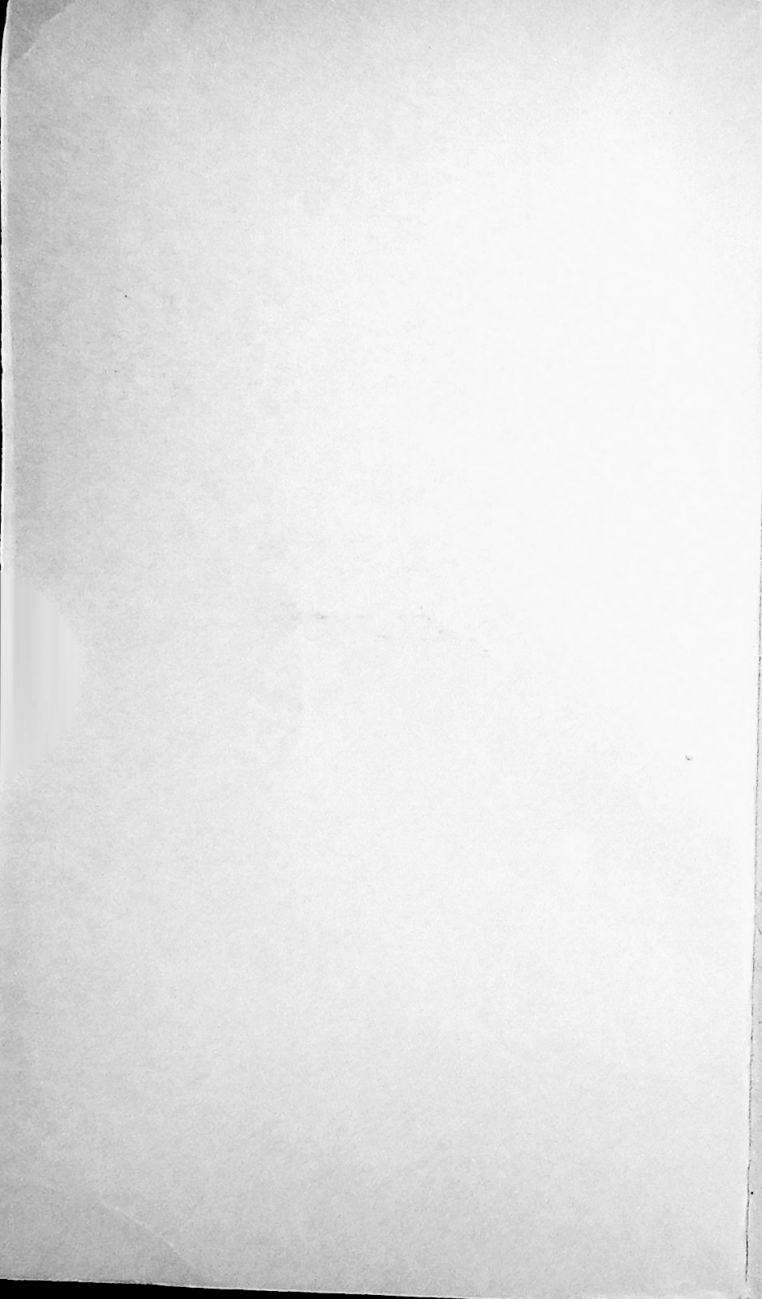


Al Jaffee GAGS



Jaffee

... AND SO WILL YOU FROM
THIS COLLECTION OF
HORRENDOUS HUMOR!



75

Al Jaffee **GAGS**

*Written, illustrated,
and regurgitated
by Al Jaffee*



A SIGNET BOOK

NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY

TIMES MIRROR

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SIGNET, SIGNET CLASSICS, MENTOR, PLUME and MERIDIAN
BOOKS are published by The New American Library, Inc.,
1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019

First Printing, November, 1974

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEDICATION

To that certain someone, without whose
tireless inspiration and support this book
would not have been possible . . . and
you know who THAT is.





Two Forewords for the Price of None

Al Jaffee's Fold-In, on the inside back cover of every issue of MAD, is a certainty on a par with death, taxes and Labor Day, and just as unavoidable and as celebrated.

Recently, I saw a gal I would have liked to know carrying two bags of groceries and a newly purchased MAD. Standing stork-like and balancing one of the bags on a raised knee, she paused to comply with the "A" MEETS "B" instructions on the MAD Fold-In. No stranger to Jaffee's tantalizing tuck-and-go feature, apparently, she made an adroit one-handed crossover crease of the page. Through the ingenious "Close sesame!", the deliberately deceptive scene reproduced from Jaffee's vibrant acrylics was transformed into a meaningful symbol. The related question atop the page was answered tersely and trenchantly at the bottom of the page. Every calculated camouflage, every mental and visual agitation, every fake-out in phraseology, every bit of sleight of brush Jaffee infuses into each Fold-In, is designed to produce the surprise and exhilaration of an emerging notion! The revitalized lovely with the groceries grinned and shook her head: How does Jaffee do it!

That isn't all Jaffee does in MAD and for MAD.

His renowned "Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions" are the snide and searing antibodies that

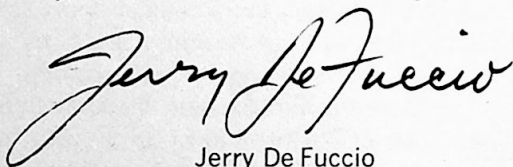
purge one's system of the anemic queries that should have gone unasked.

And when Jaf offers us quasi-solutions and facetious devices to counteract canine-induced pavement pollution, or to foil second-story men whittling away at our ground floor or on our roof, or to dissuade and isolate inconsiderate smokers, his master plans entail the seeming workability of Patent Pending.

Al Jaffee's constantly requested Hate Books that appear regularly in MAD alleviate us of the little loathes that are big pains. *Don't You Hate . . .* dentists with hairy arms! *Don't You Hate . . .* hot drinks served in paper cups! *Don't You Hate . . .* gas station attendants who insist on "rounding out" the amount of your purchase so you end up paying for gas that overflowed onto the ground!

My estimable fellow mortal, Associate Editor Nick Meglin, and I have been privileged to roam the foothills of the Olympus that is MAD. From that height of creativity emanate celestial graphics and exalted continuity. Al Jaffee continues that tradition in this book. Speaking of our Olympus, Al Jaffee may very well be its Zeus.

But don't take my word for it. Just ask Nick Meglin...

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Jerry De Fuccio". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

Jerry De Fuccio
Associate Editor
MAD Magazine

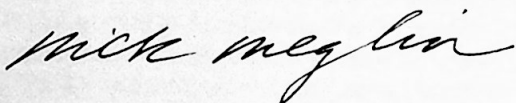
Talk about tough acts to follow, Jaffee—Olympus—Zeus? Jerry, MAD's token gentleman, *would* say something like that—something kind, something flattering, something phoney! He'd do no less for Hitler. Zeus indeed! Well, dear reader, I'm sorry to be the balloon-buster around here, but I know Al Jaffee too, or better, Al Jaffee TWO, since there seems to be more than one. The Al Jaffee I know is a creep! Who else would ask you to write a foreword "as a favor" when we all know he's just too cheap to pay for someone *good* to write it! If you go with Jaffee to a coffee shop and have coffee, and maybe a donut, he'll say in a loud voice so everyone in the joint can hear—"It's on me, Al Jaffee!" Then, when you're in a steak house with him and the check comes, he directs the waiter over to you and says, "It's your turn—I got it last time!"

And steal ideas! Having a script conference with Jaffee is like playing your brain back on a tape recorder! Everything you ever said finds its way into one of his books or articles. One day I told him, "You know what I hate? Guys who steal other guys' ideas!" Two days later at a script conference Jaffee presents a new Hate Book idea, the first example being, "Don't you hate guys who hate other guys using their ideas?" Don't you think he sold us the article? What's even worse, *I* voted for it!

And appreciation? None! Zero! I first spotted Jaffee

as an asphalt stomper, stomping barefoot over the hot asphalt on a First Avenue construction job. I bought him a suit, a pair of shoes, a tie, I teach him how to draw, I showed him how to use his suit and tie and shoes and drawings to get a job and make a better living for himself. Now that he's a big shot in the field and getting invited to parties, I'm not a big enough shot to get an invitation for. Is it right that when someone asks him, "How's Nick?" he answers, "Nick who?" I mean really, is that right? Is that a nice thing to do?

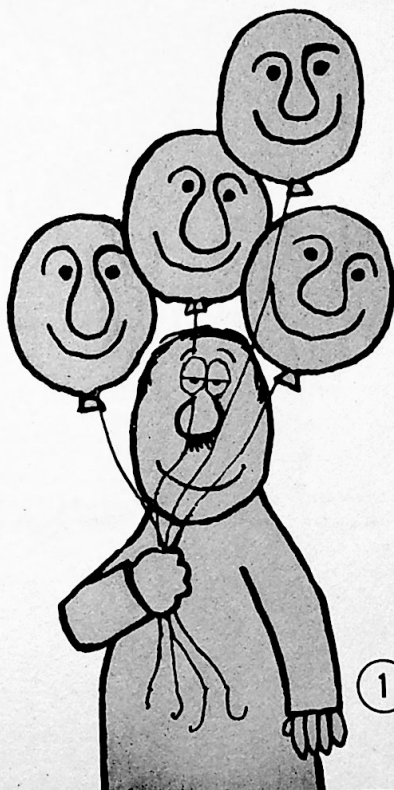
So let Jerry use the *big words* and say the *right thing* and be the *nice guy*. Jerry's a gentleman (although I could say a few things about that guy too if I wanted to!). But I'm just the kind of slob that tells it to you like it is, which is why I only write forewords. For books by creeps like Al Jaffee. For free, no less. Zeus indeed!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Nick Meglin". The signature is fluid and stylized, with a long, sweeping underline.

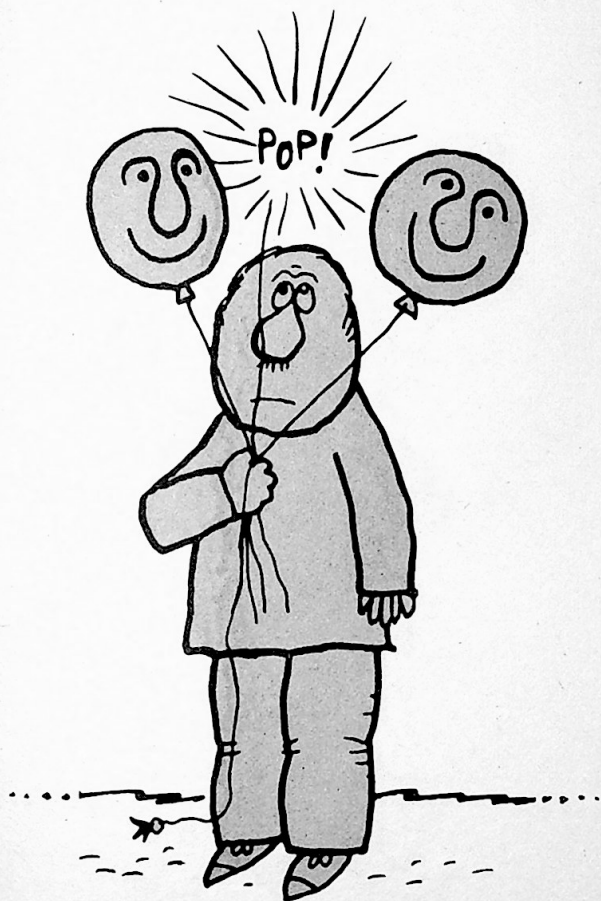
Nick Meglin
The other Associate Editor
MAD Magazine

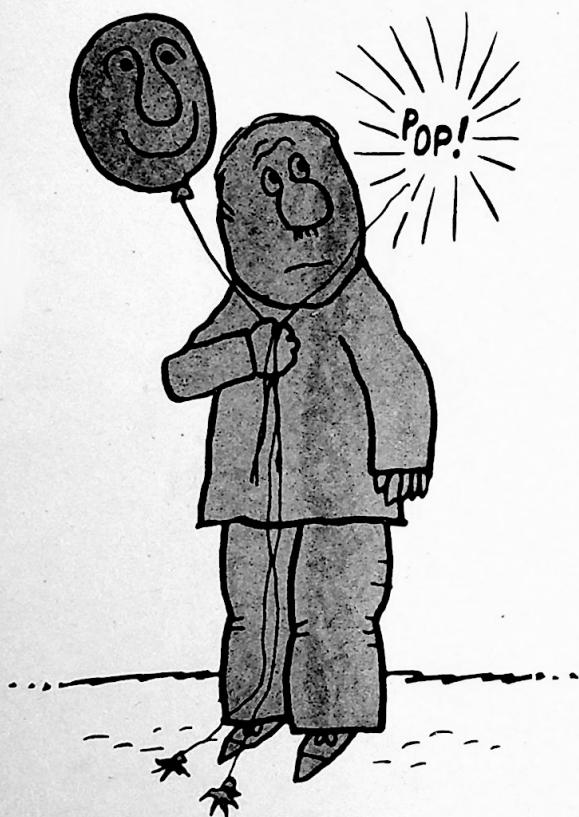
CHAPTER 1

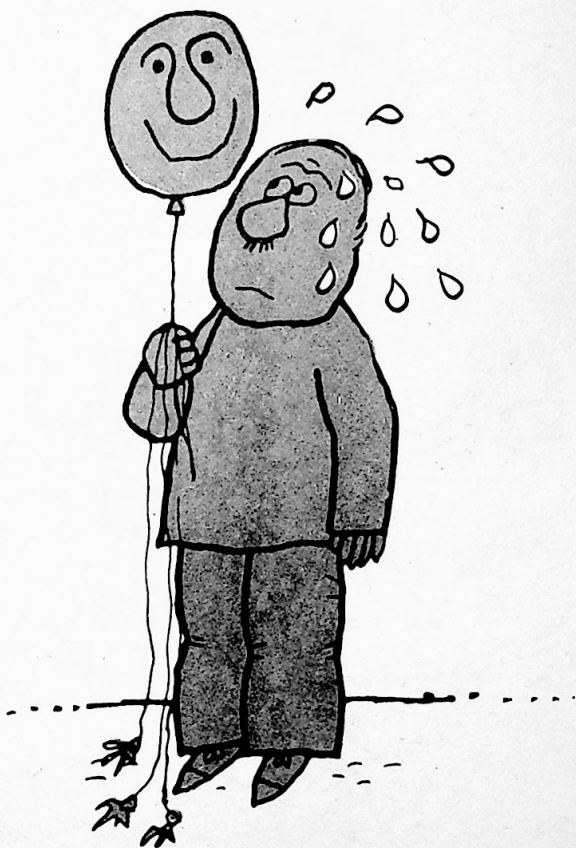
The big blow-up

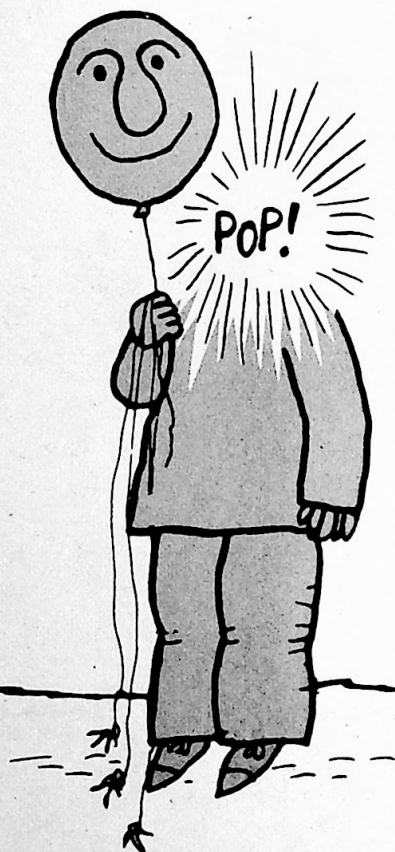








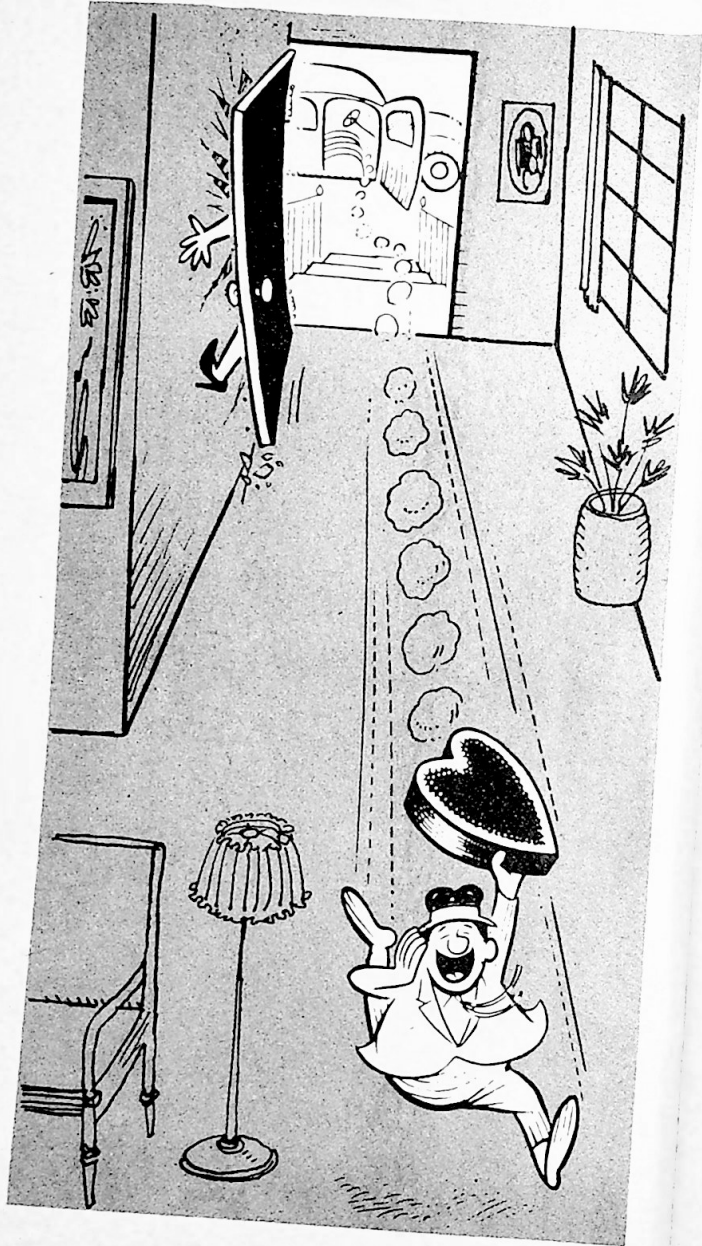




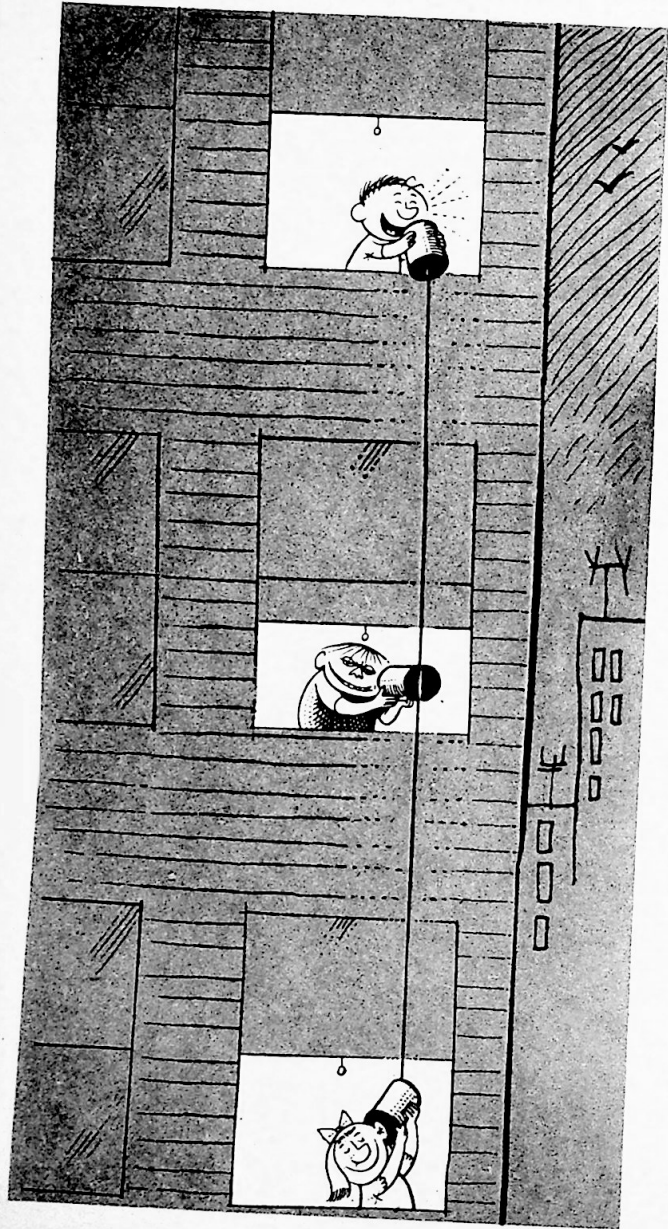
CHAPTER 2

A witless collection
of wordless
whimsicalities





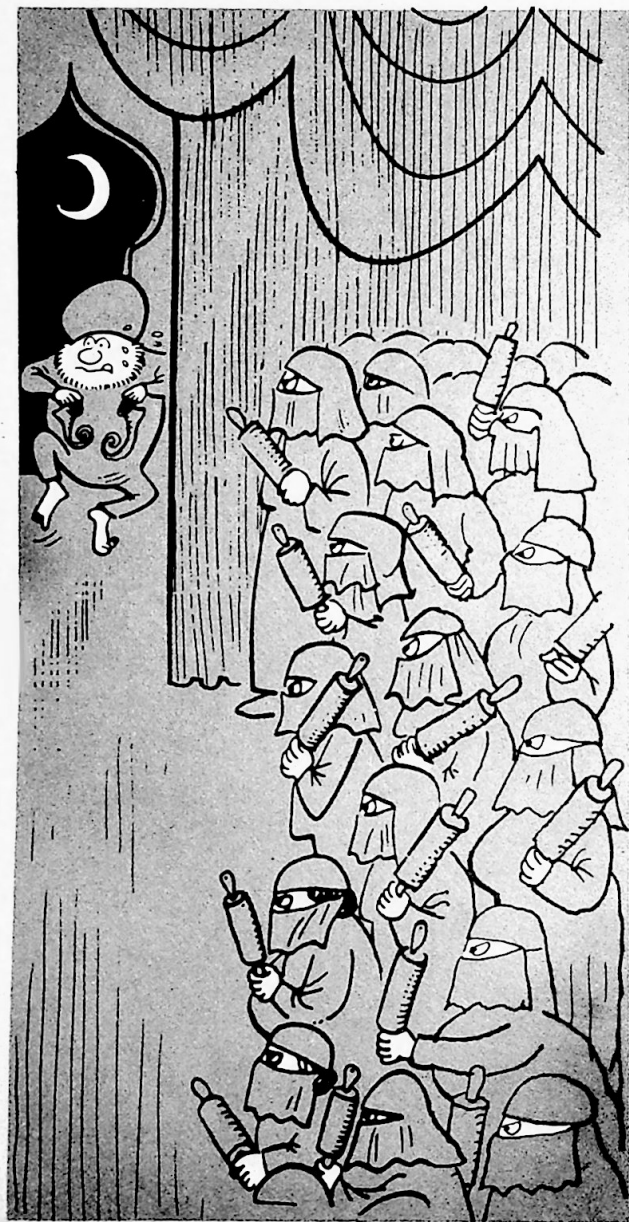










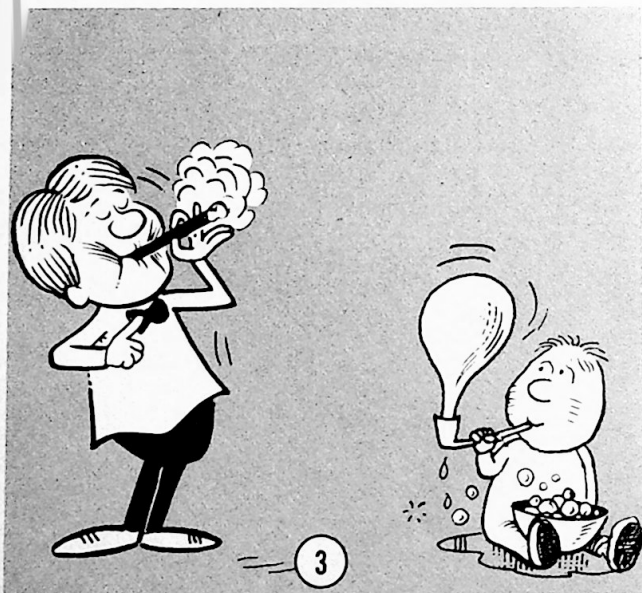
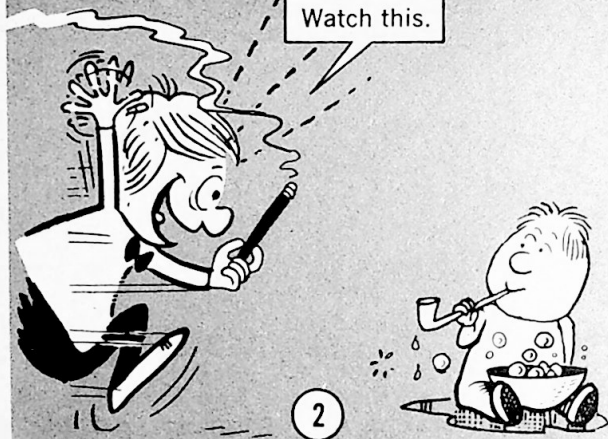


Smoker the unbearable

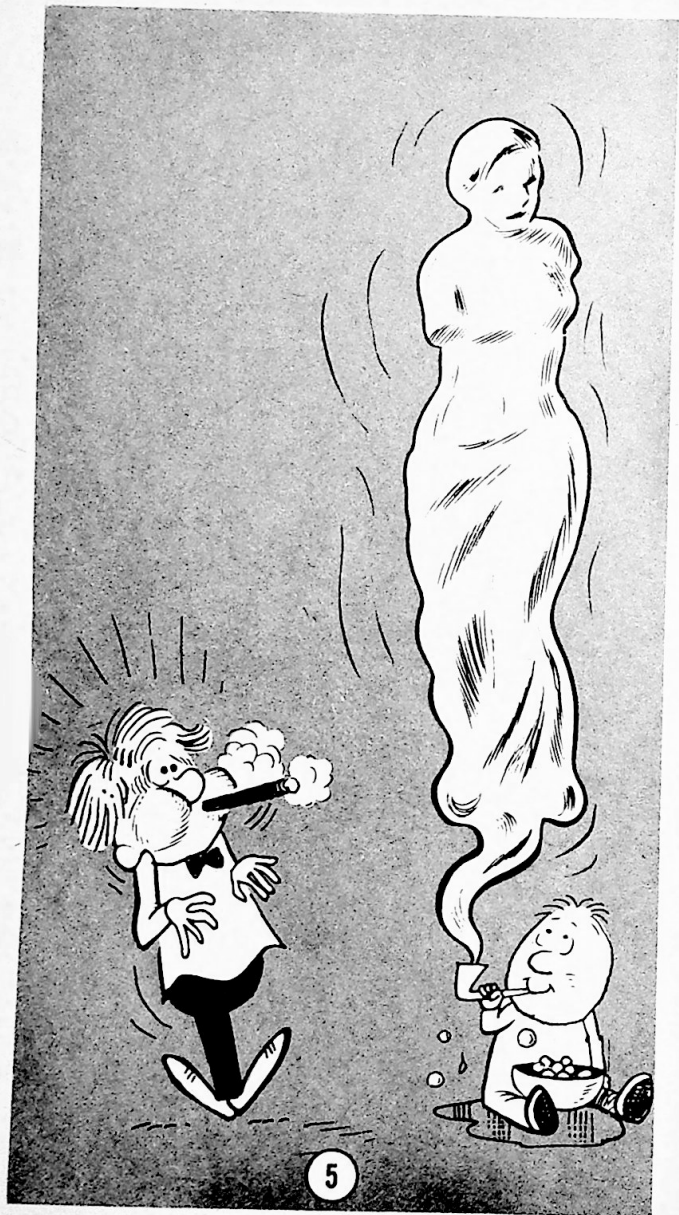


Wow! Wait'll you see what
I can do with this cigar.

Watch this.









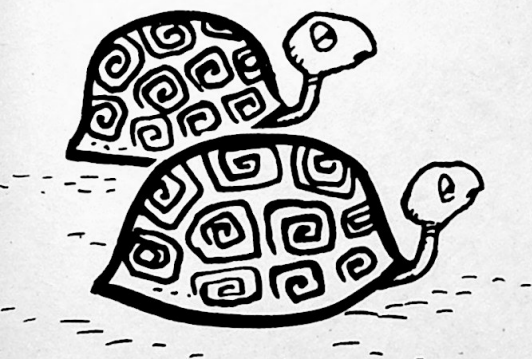
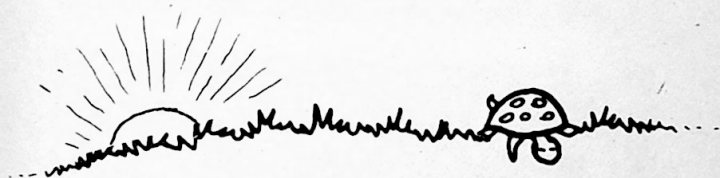
Well, what are you going to do with the cigar?

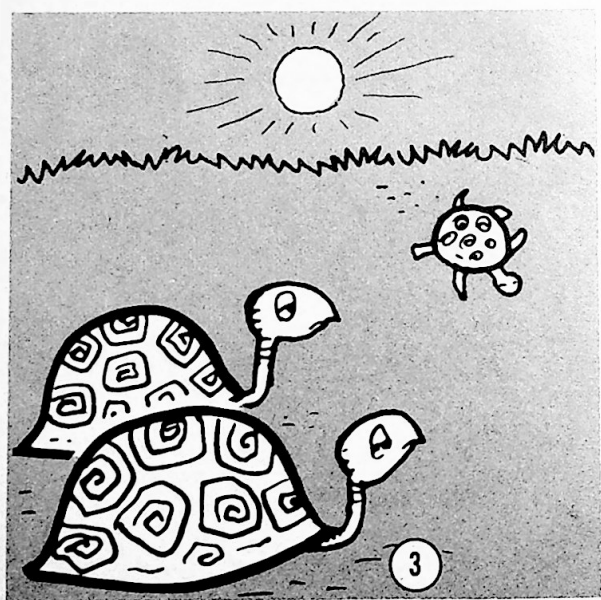
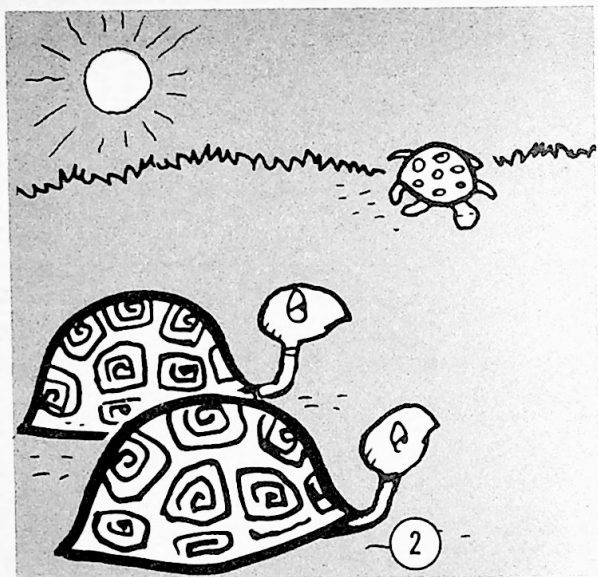
I know what I'd **LIKE TO DO** with the cigar.

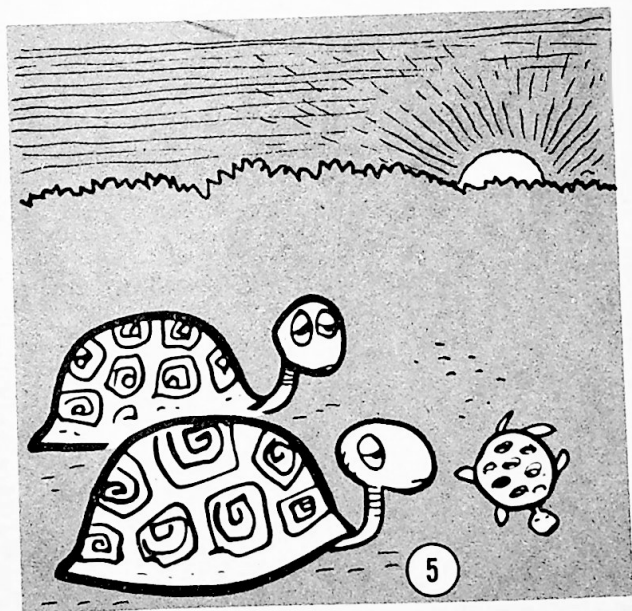
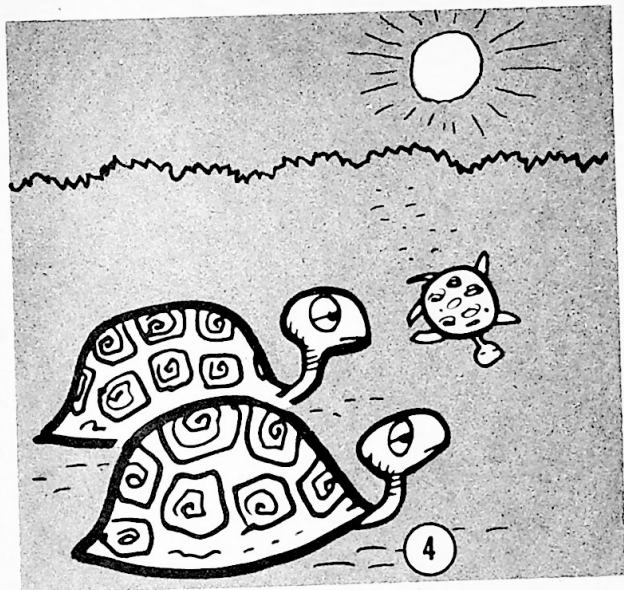


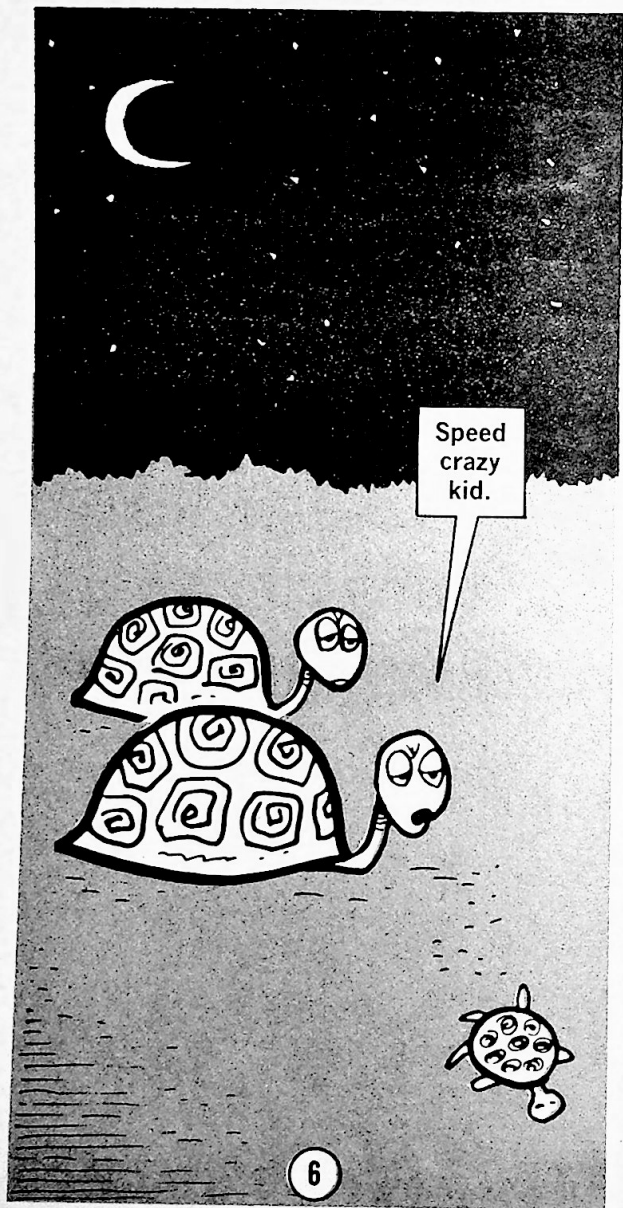


The old shell game









Speed
crazy
kid.

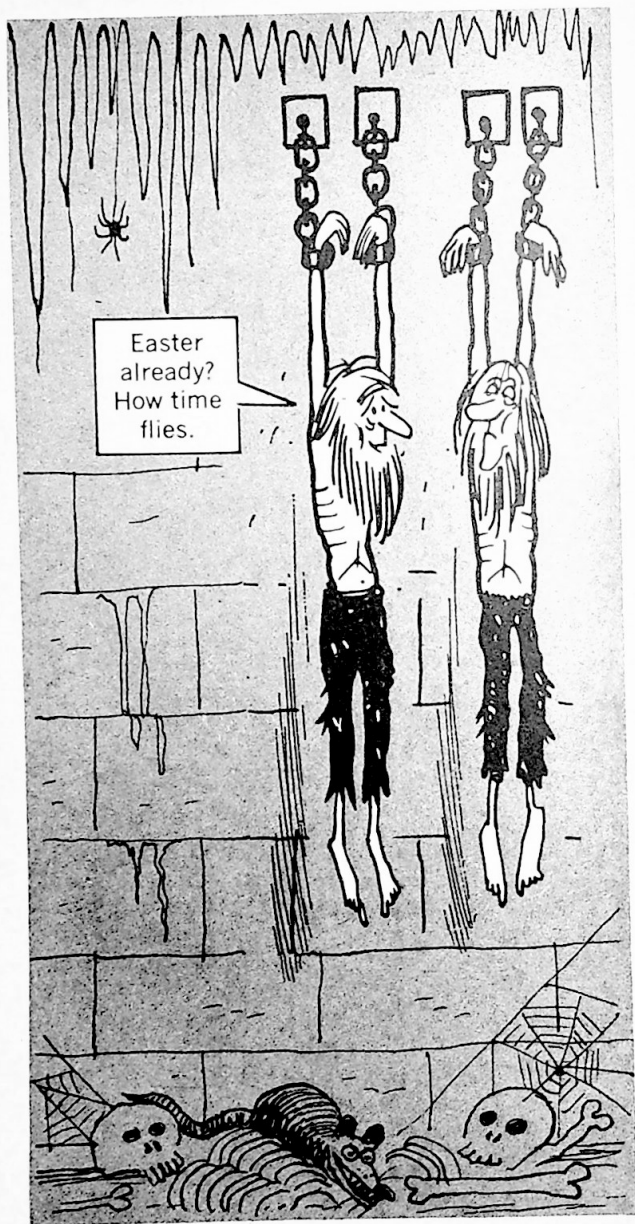
CHAPTER 5

Another painful batch of bungled buffooneries





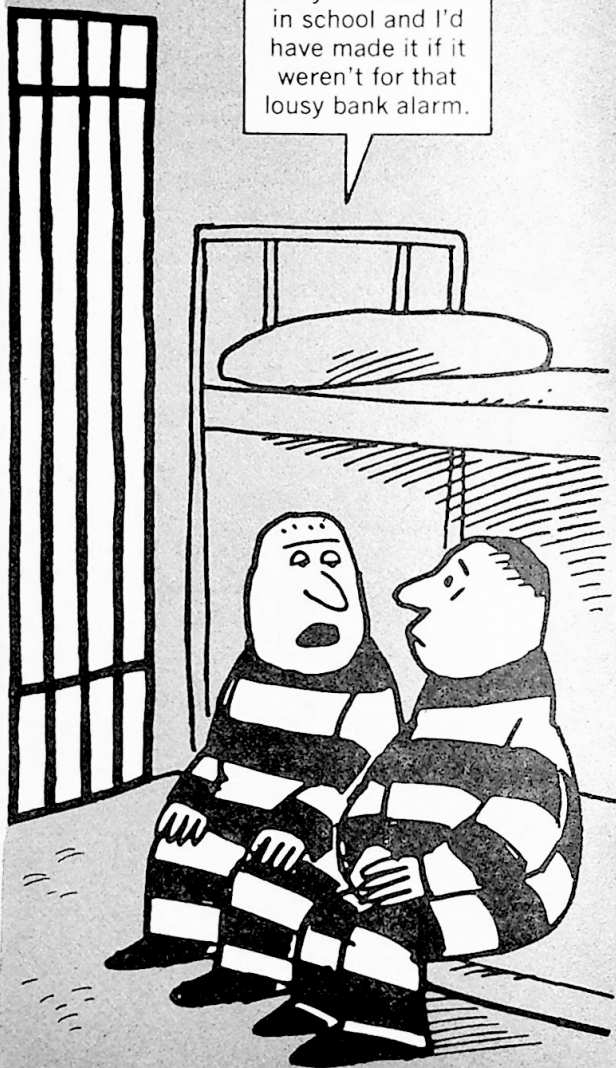




A black and white political cartoon. A tank is shown from a side-on perspective, moving from the bottom left towards the top right. The tank's turret is tilted upwards, and its main gun barrel is pointed towards a large, leafless tree that stands in the center of the frame. The tank's tracks are visible, and a trail of motion lines behind it suggests it is moving quickly. A driver is visible in the turret, looking startled. A speech bubble originates from the tree, containing the text: "There's where defense spending economies get you." The background is a simple landscape with a horizon line and some distant hills.

There's
where
defense
spending
economies
get you.

I was voted "most likely to succeed" in school and I'd have made it if it weren't for that lousy bank alarm.

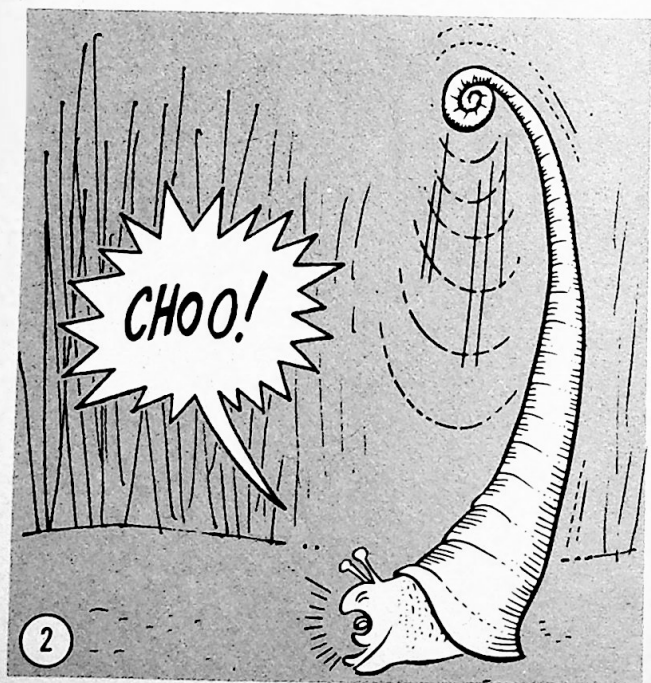
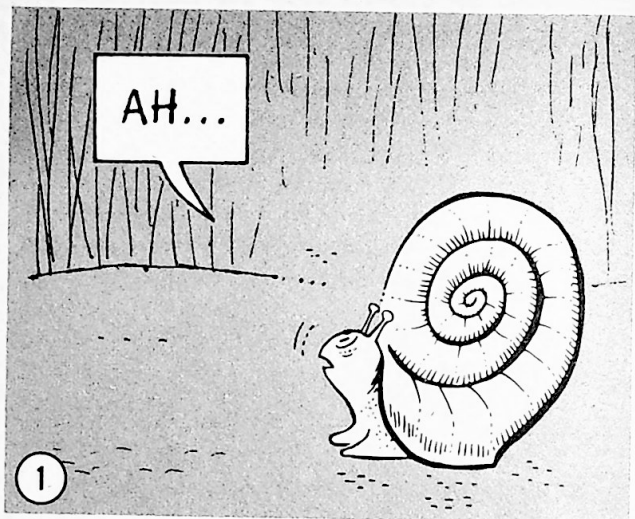


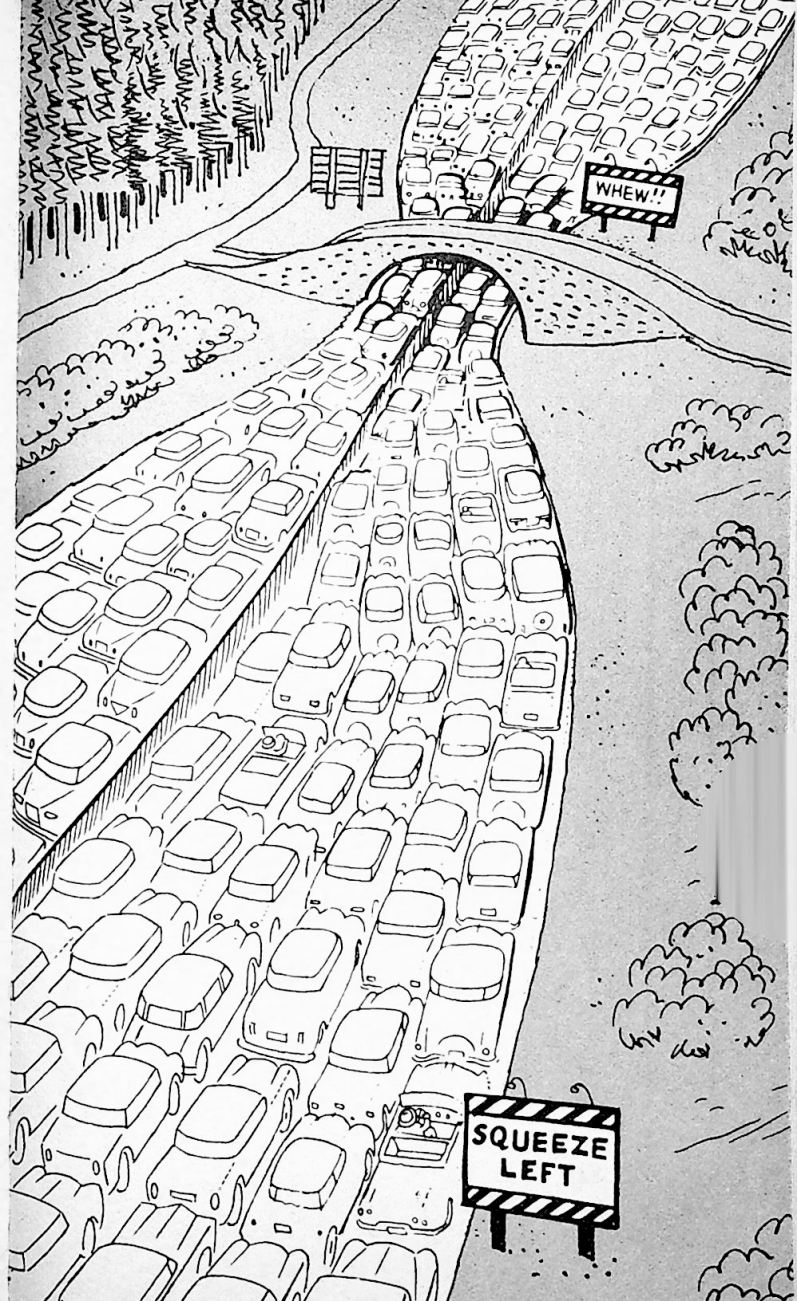
Your job, Smedley, is to see to it that customers feel Finchley's cares about their problems. Now let's see how you handle this old bat.

ADJUSTMENTS

SALE









The last word



... and furthermore, I work
and slave day and night
around here, but is there
ever a word of **appreciation?**

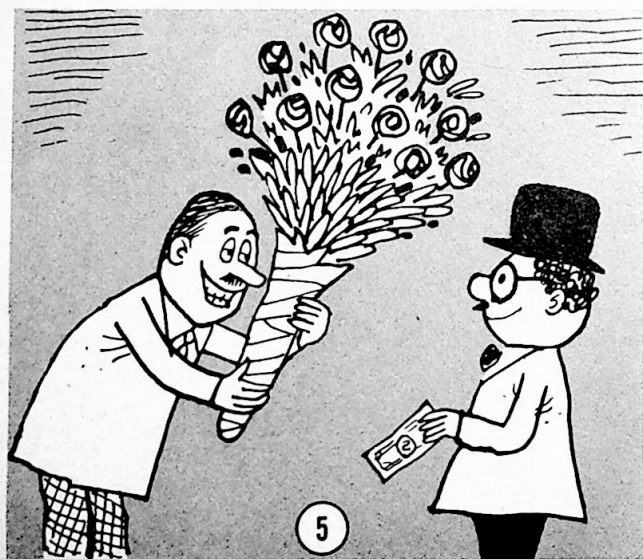
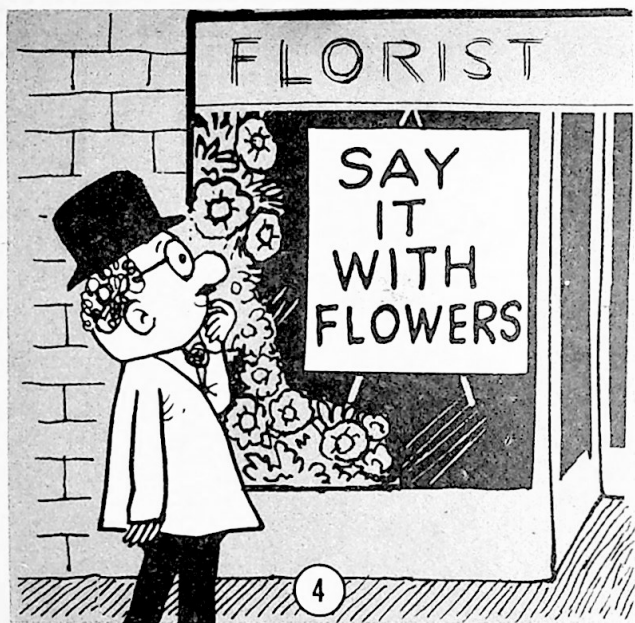
NO!



Is there ever an act of
kindness, a show of grati-
tude, a small token of
consideration?

NO! NO! NO!



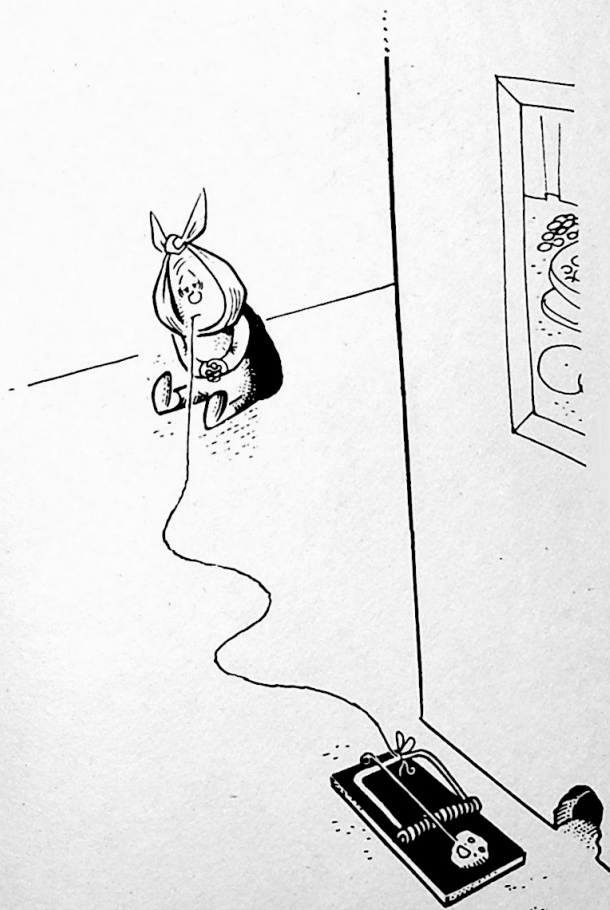


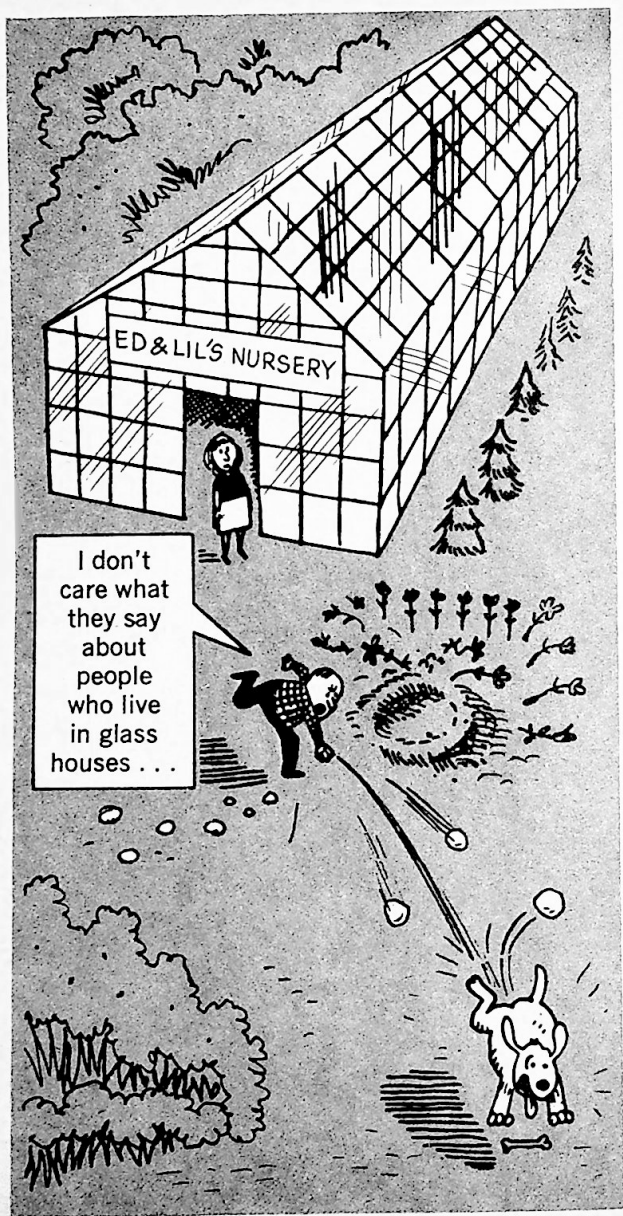




CHAPTER 7

Another disturbing cluster
of tiresome trivialities

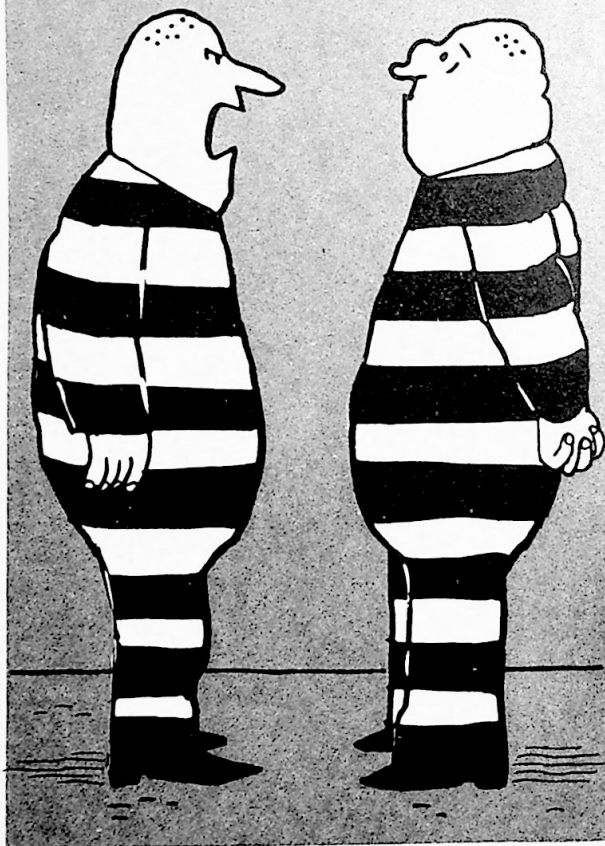


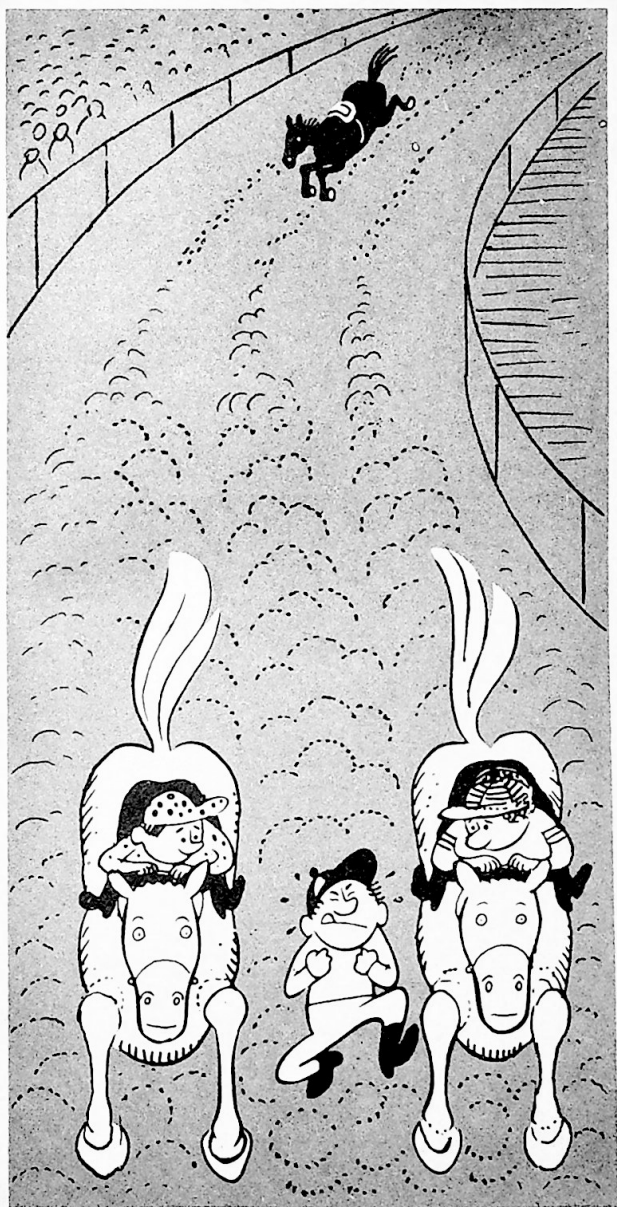


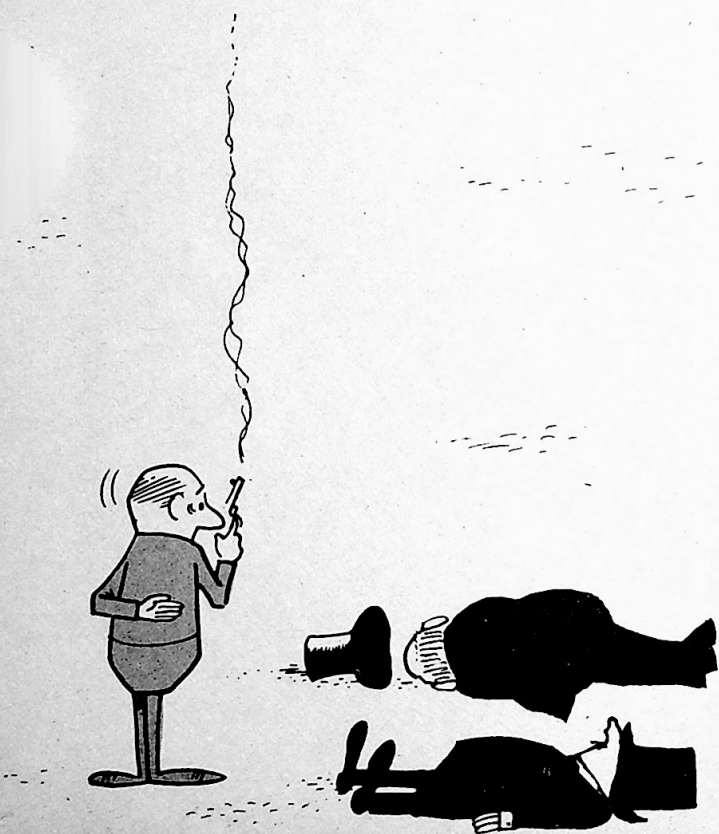
A leader should get out into
the field with his men.
Good for morale, you know.



The way the
economy has
been going,
that fortune
I stashed
away will be
worthless
when I get
out.

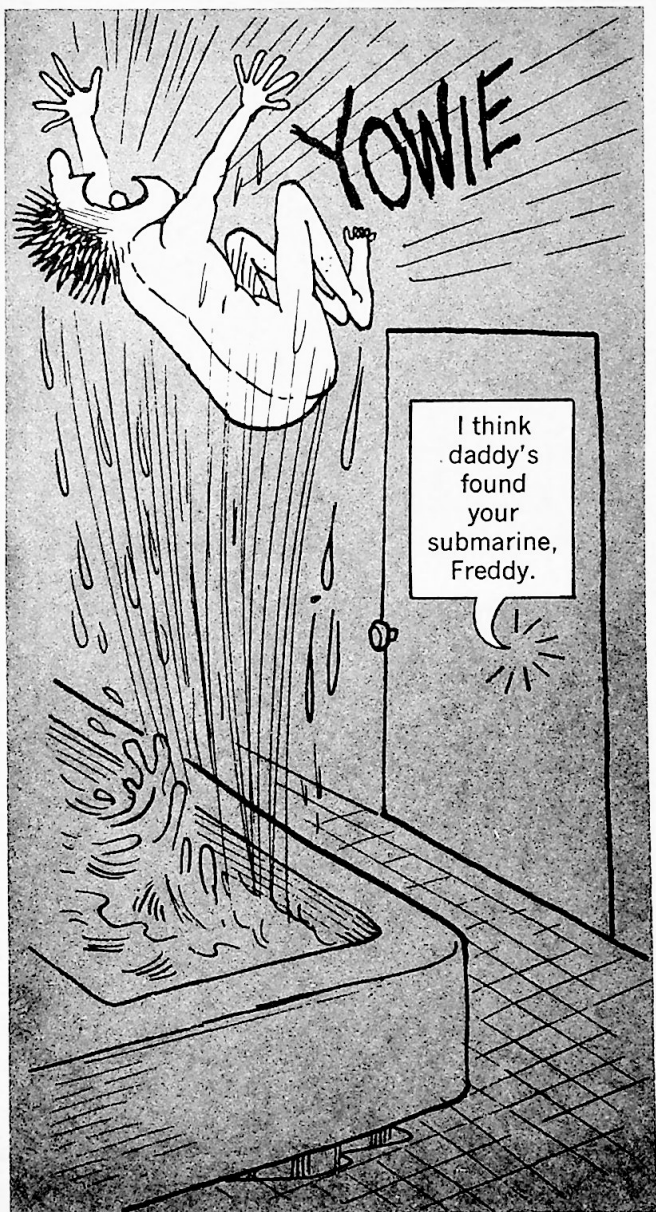


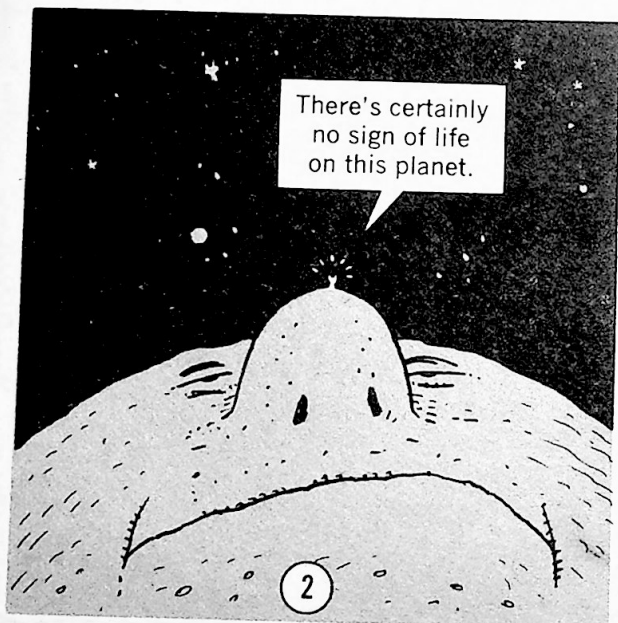
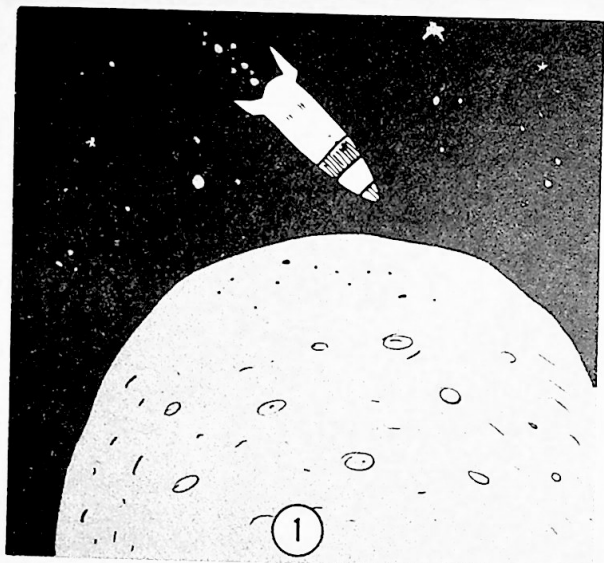


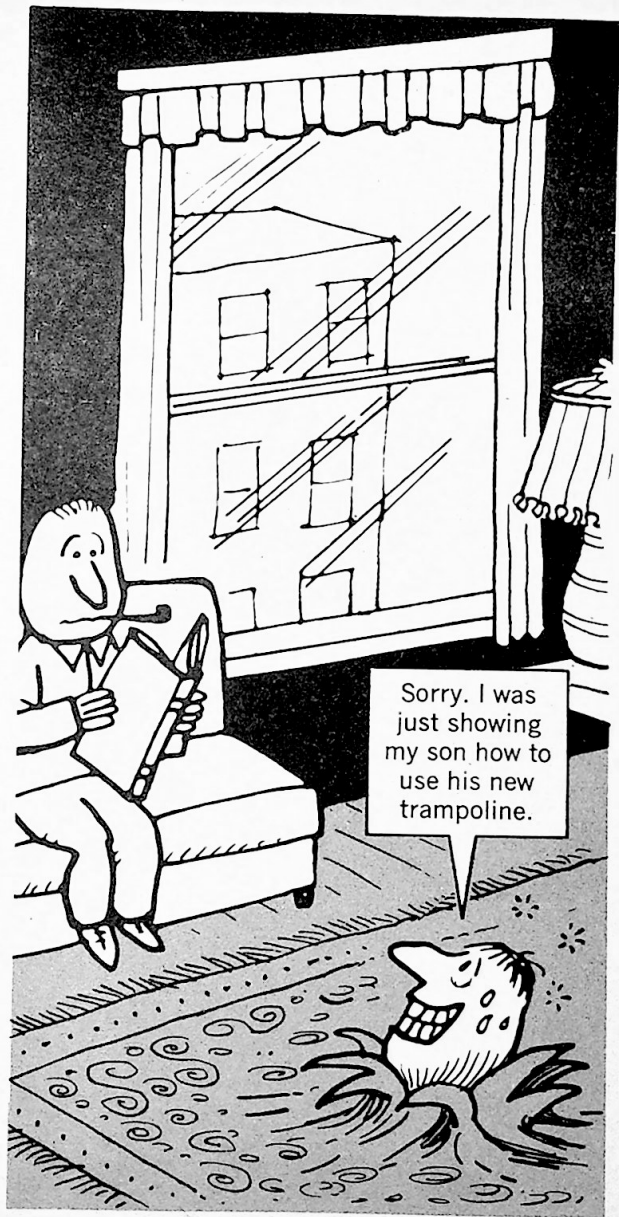


YOWIE

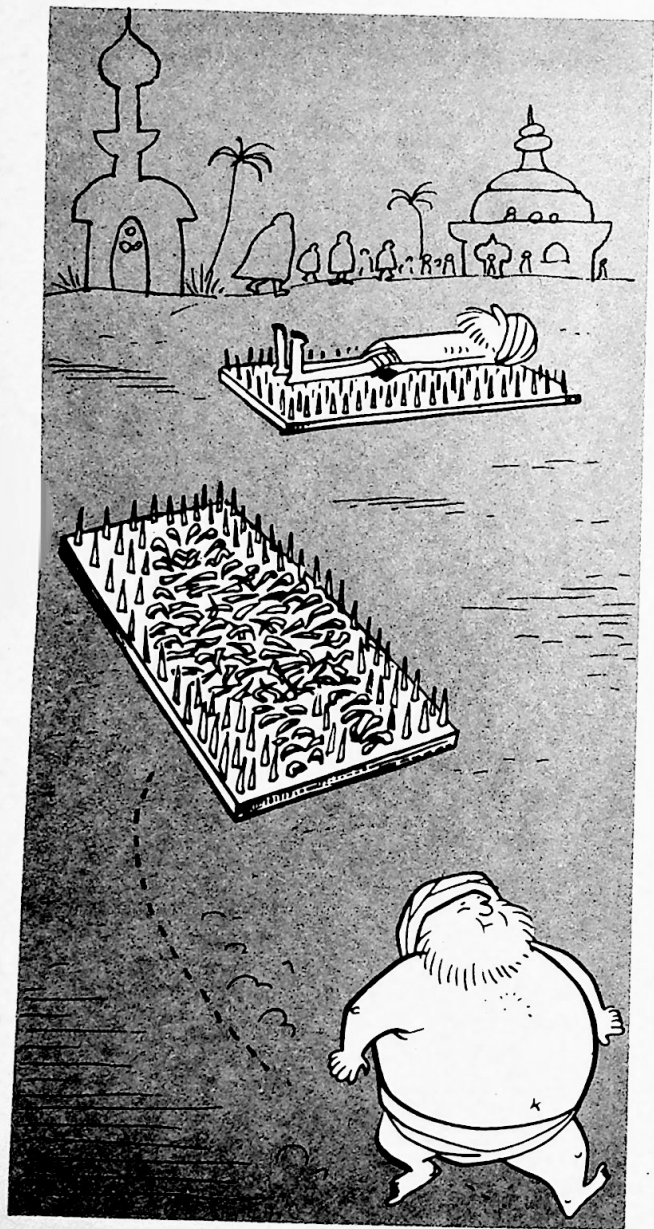
I think
daddy's
found
your
submarine,
Freddy.





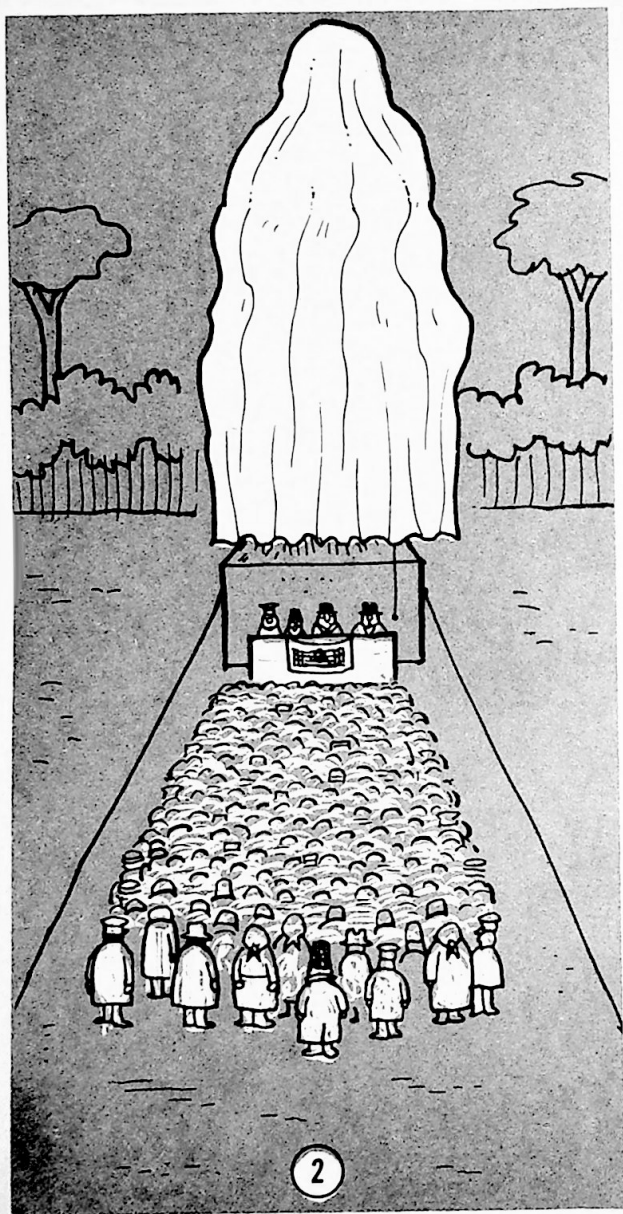


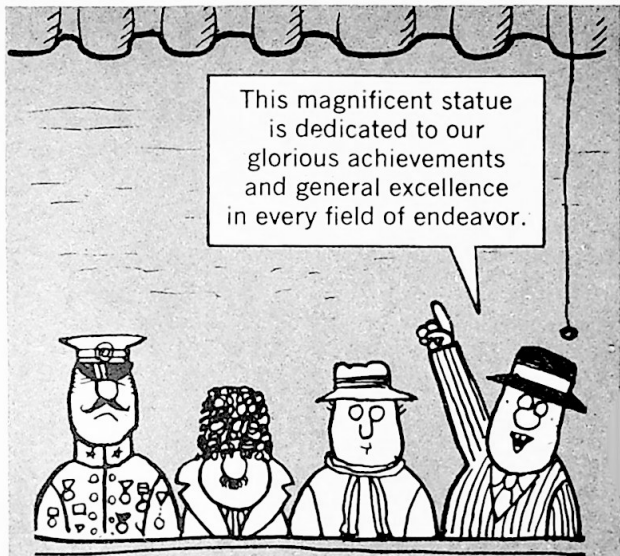
Sorry. I was
just showing
my son how to
use his new
trampoline.



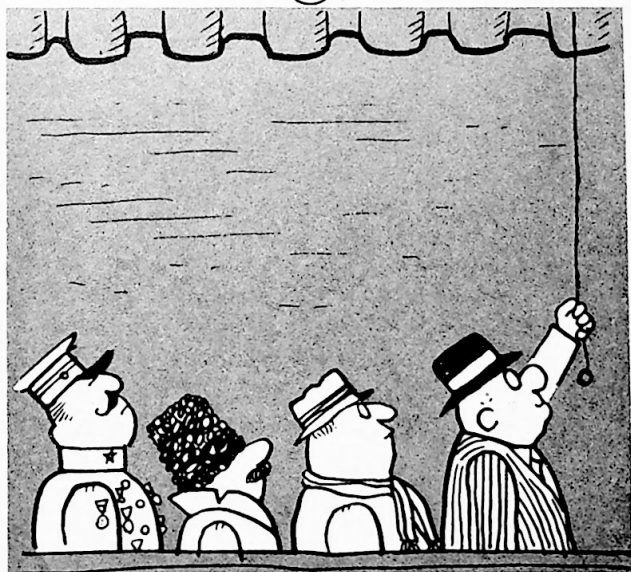
The big come down



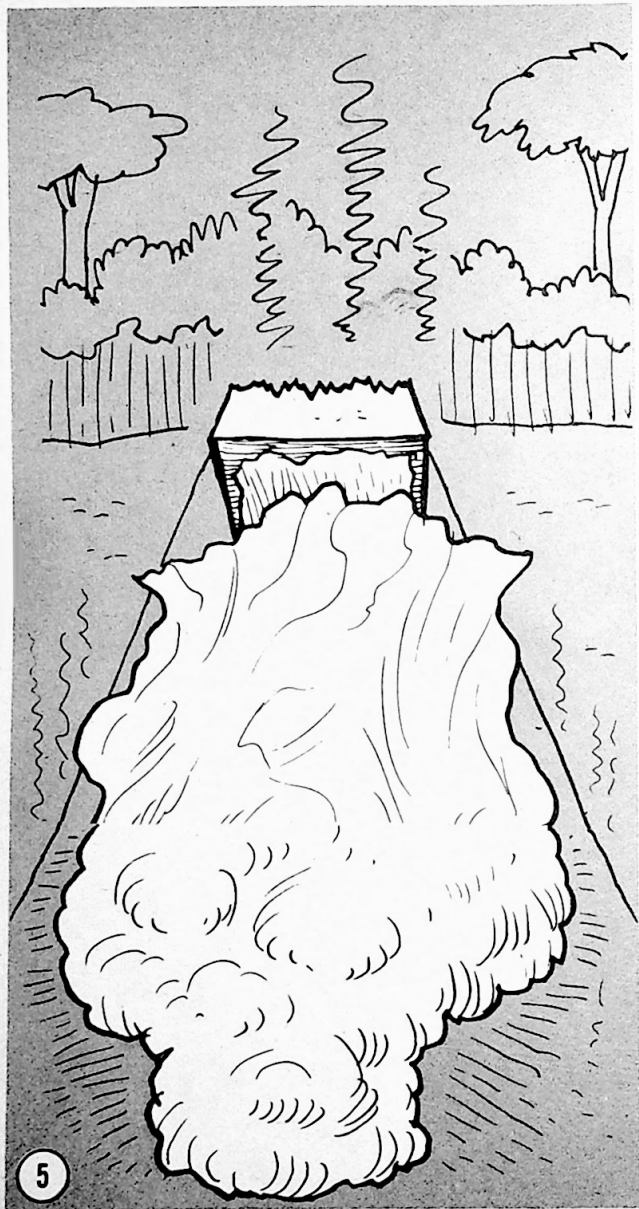




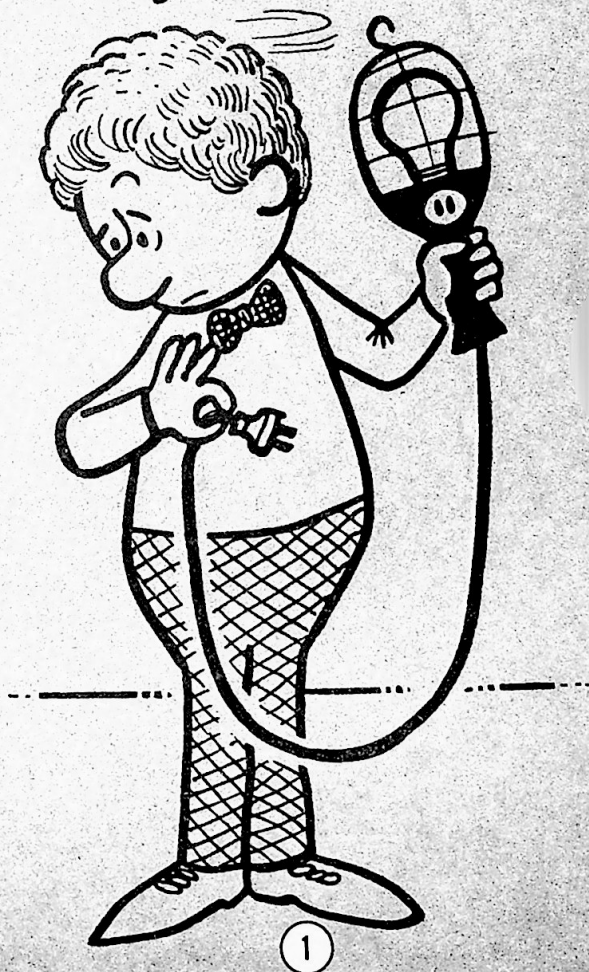
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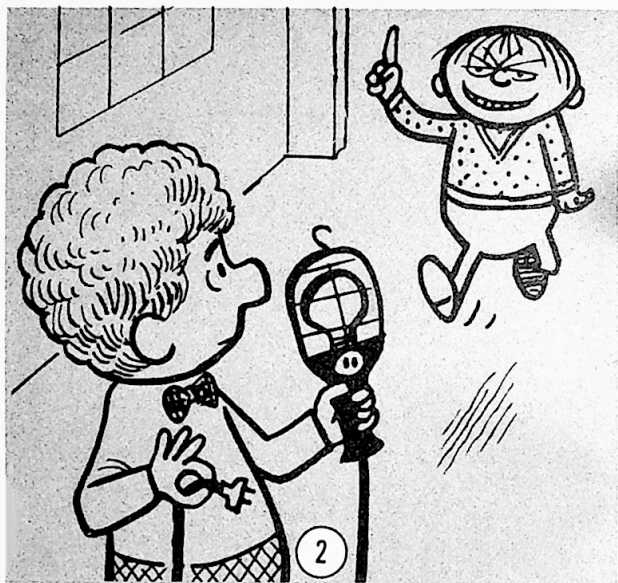


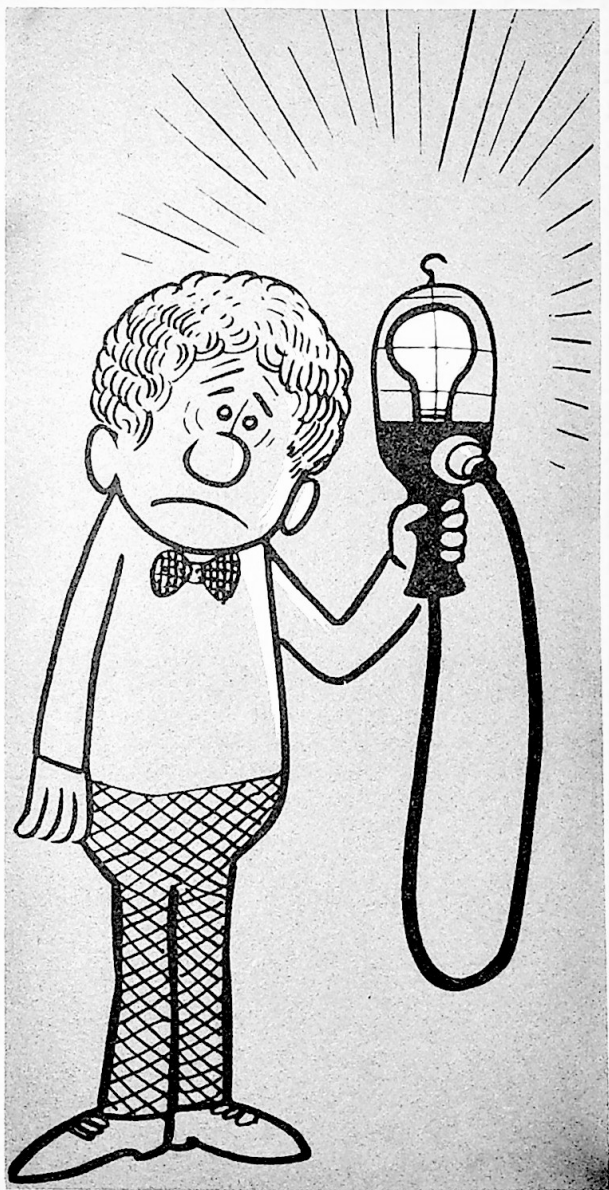
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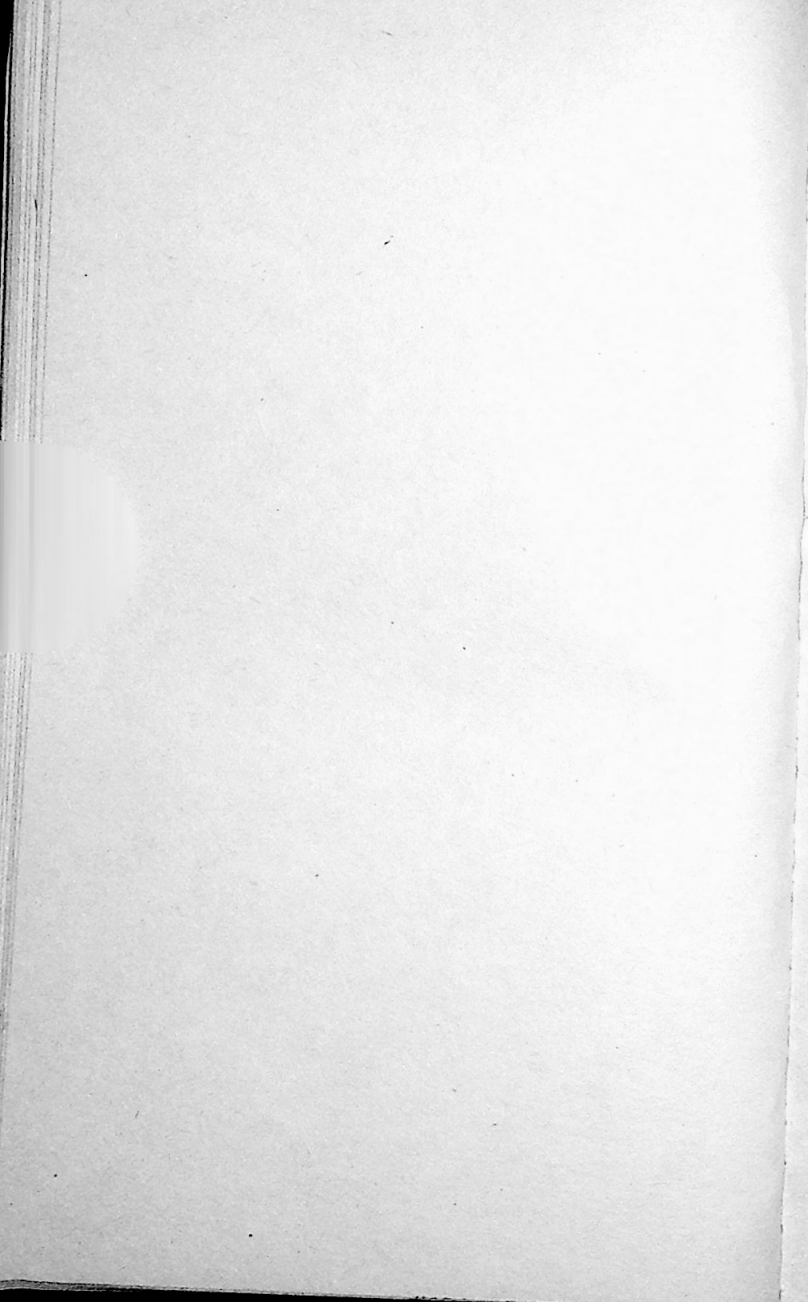


Humor in a light vein



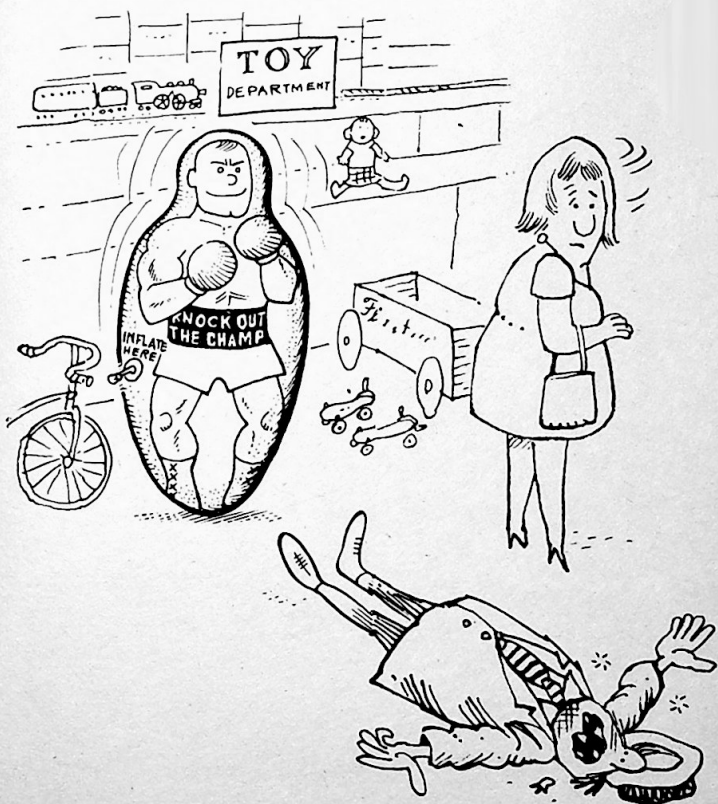




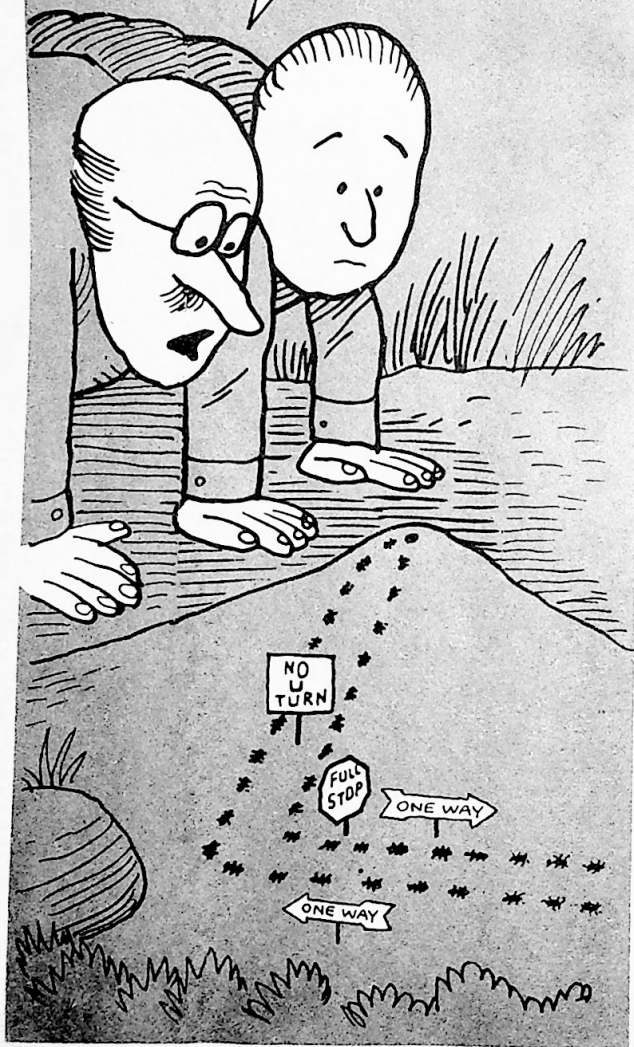


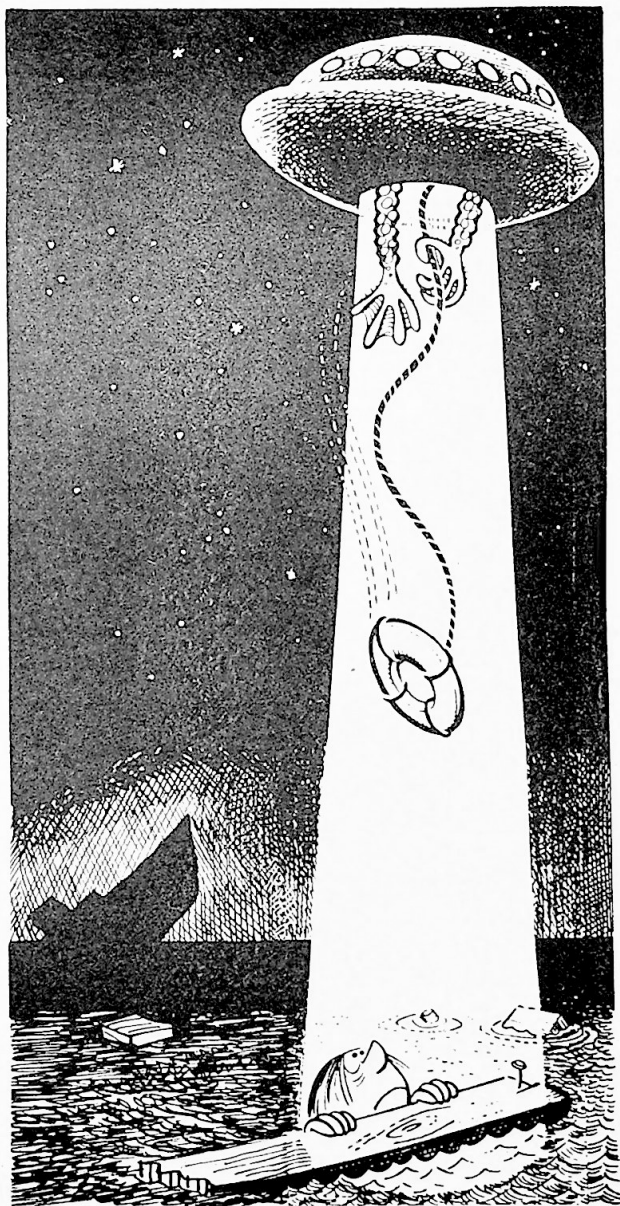
CHAPTER 10

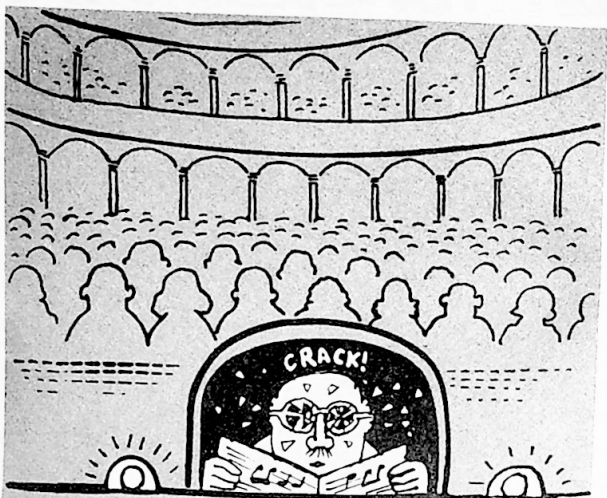
Another distressing accumulation of jumbled jocularities



I know they have a highly
organized society but
this is ridiculous.

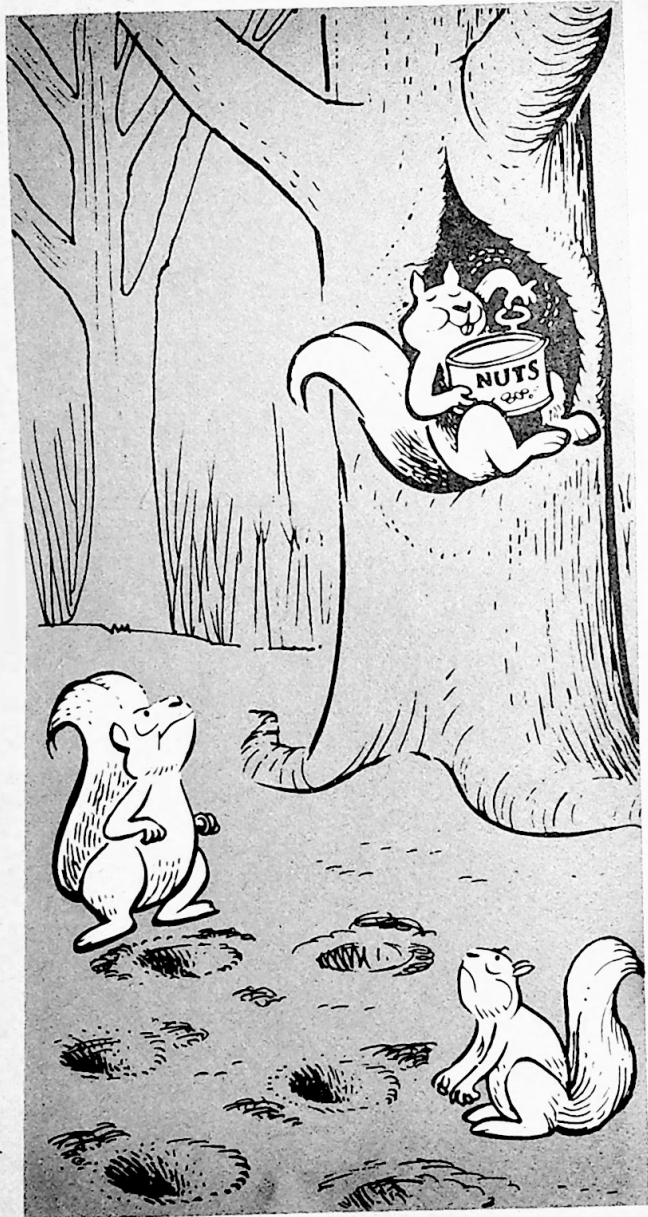


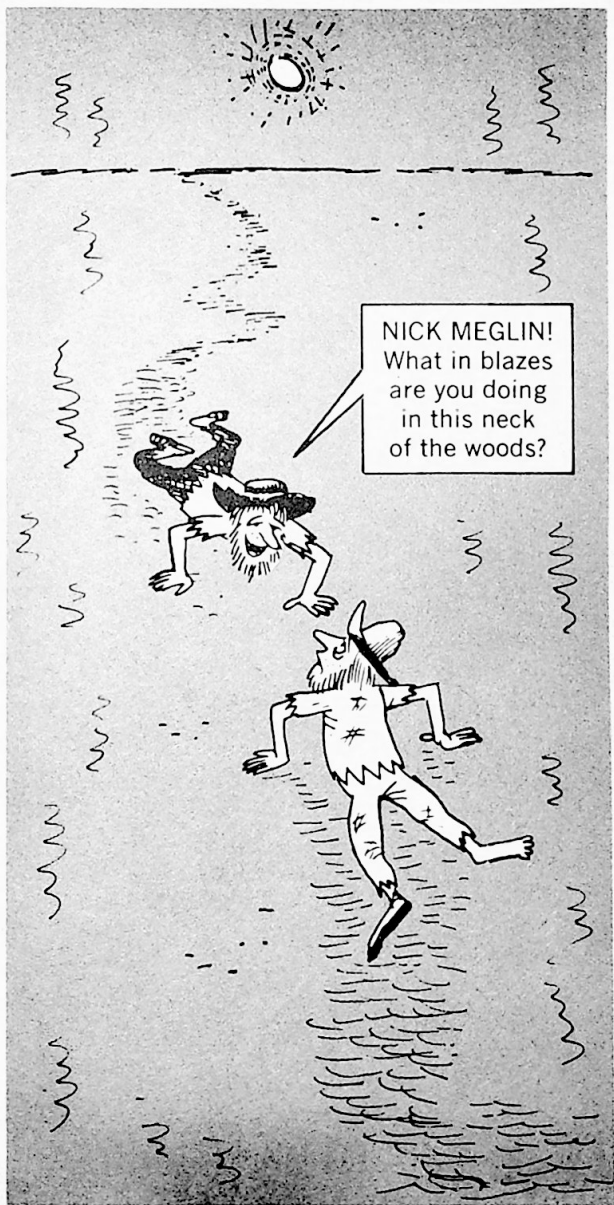




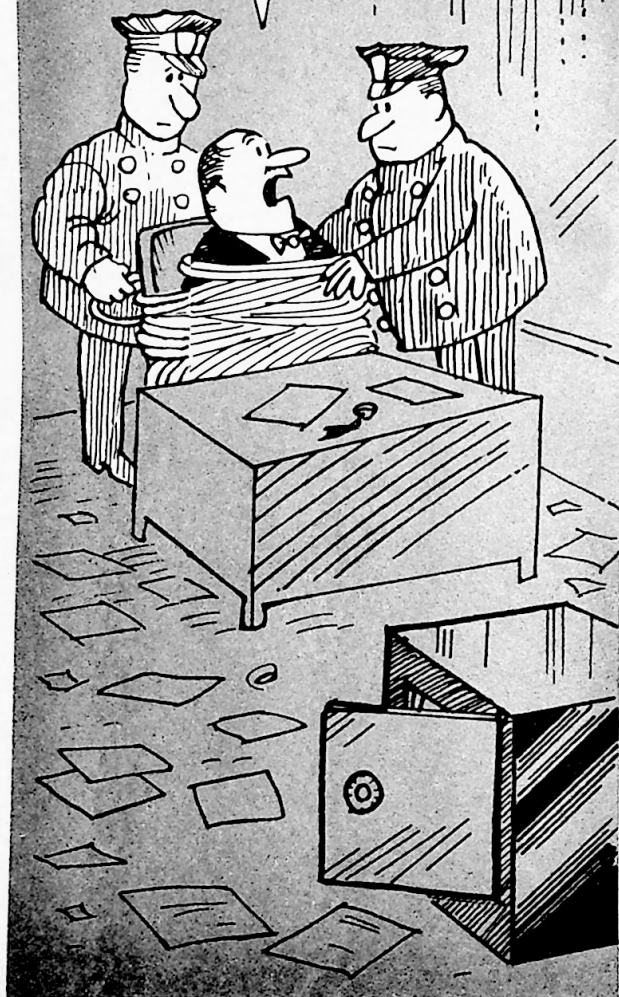
Who the hell
has been using
my electric
toothbrush?

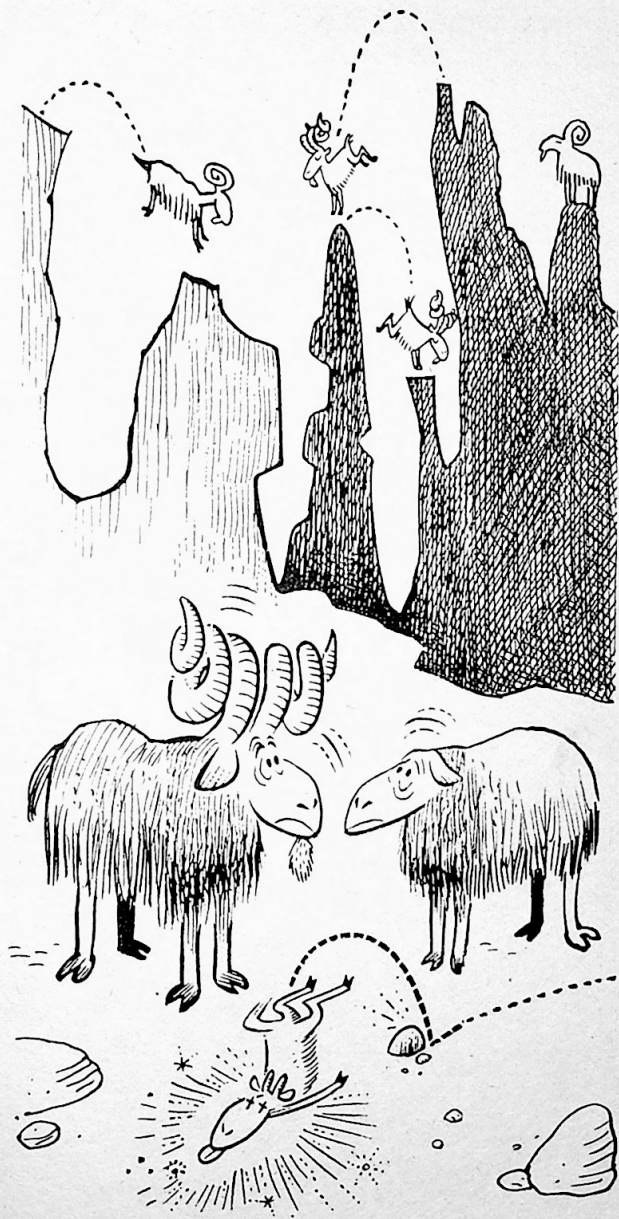






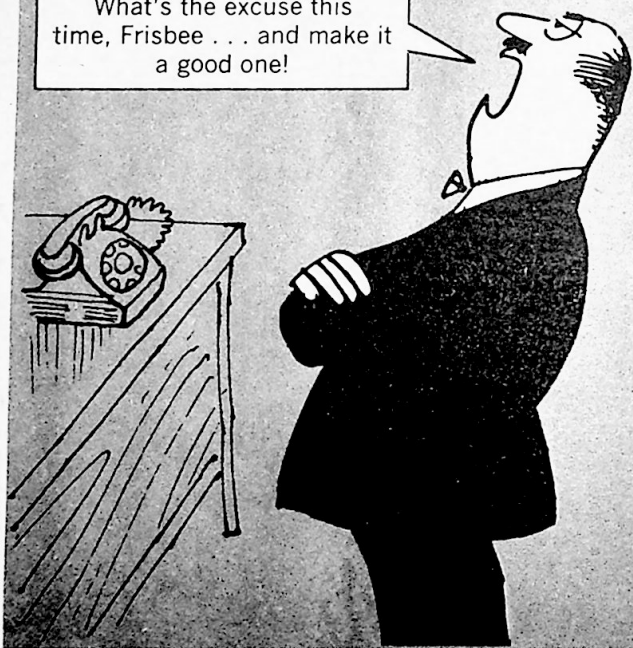
How did I know it was
his first job? He said,
"Mand over the honey and
you hon't wet gurt!"





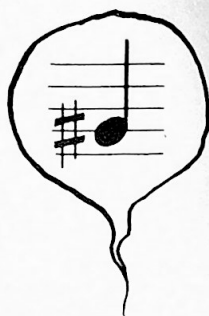
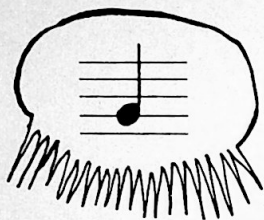


What's the excuse this time, Frisbee . . . and make it a good one!



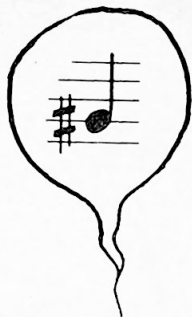
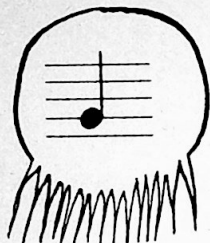
A noteworthy event





One more chance.
Get it right, or
get out.





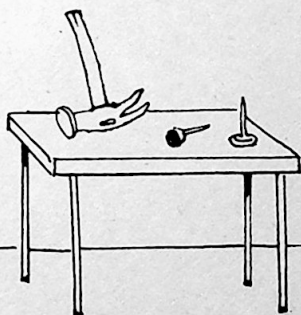
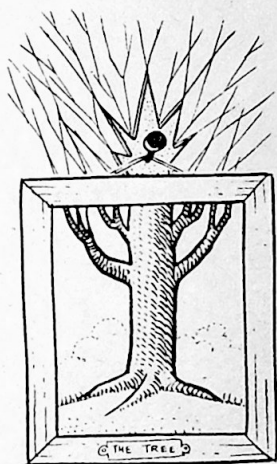
OKAY,
OUT!



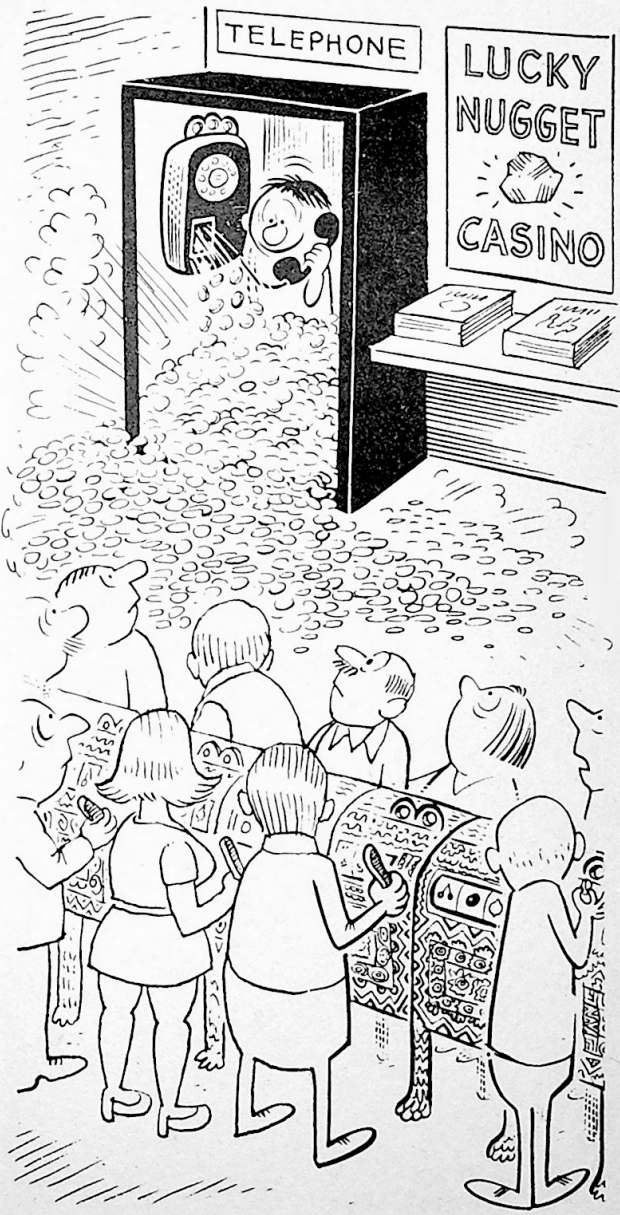


CHAPTER 12

*Another irritating clutch
of burdensome banalities*

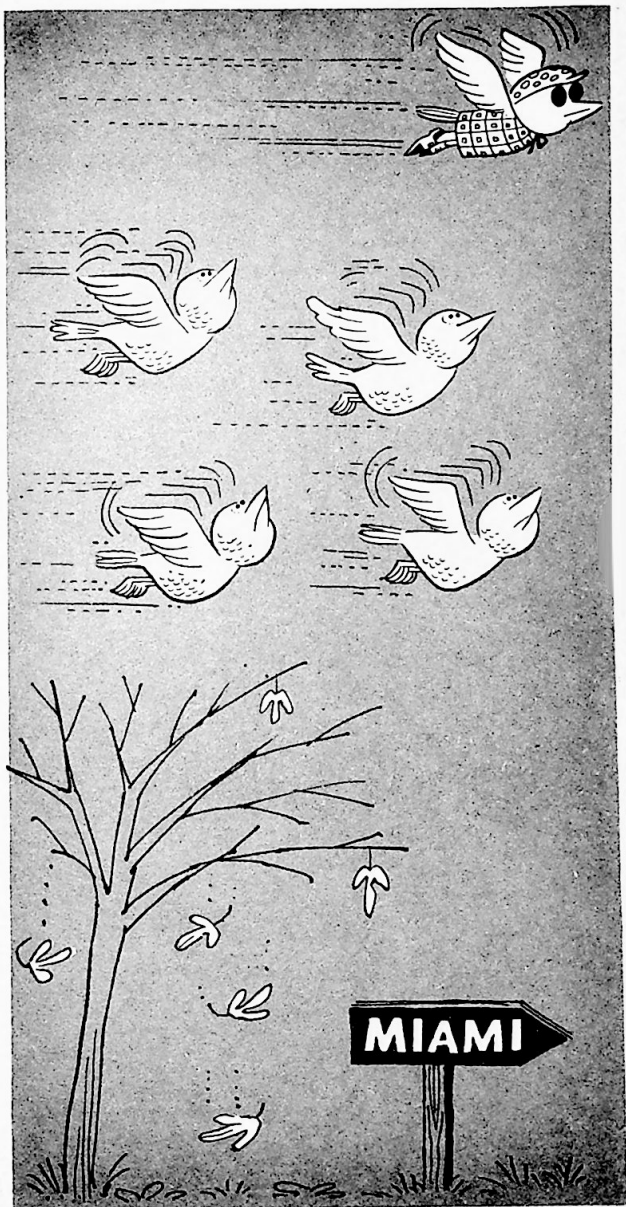




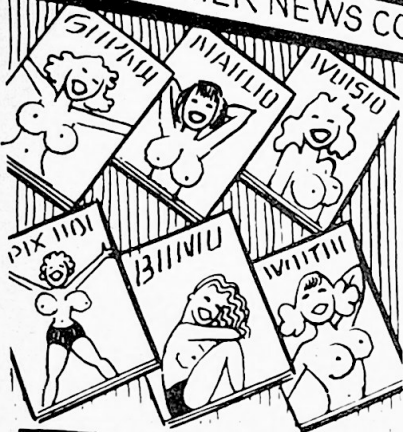


Lucky, devil.
I believe you've
struck oil.

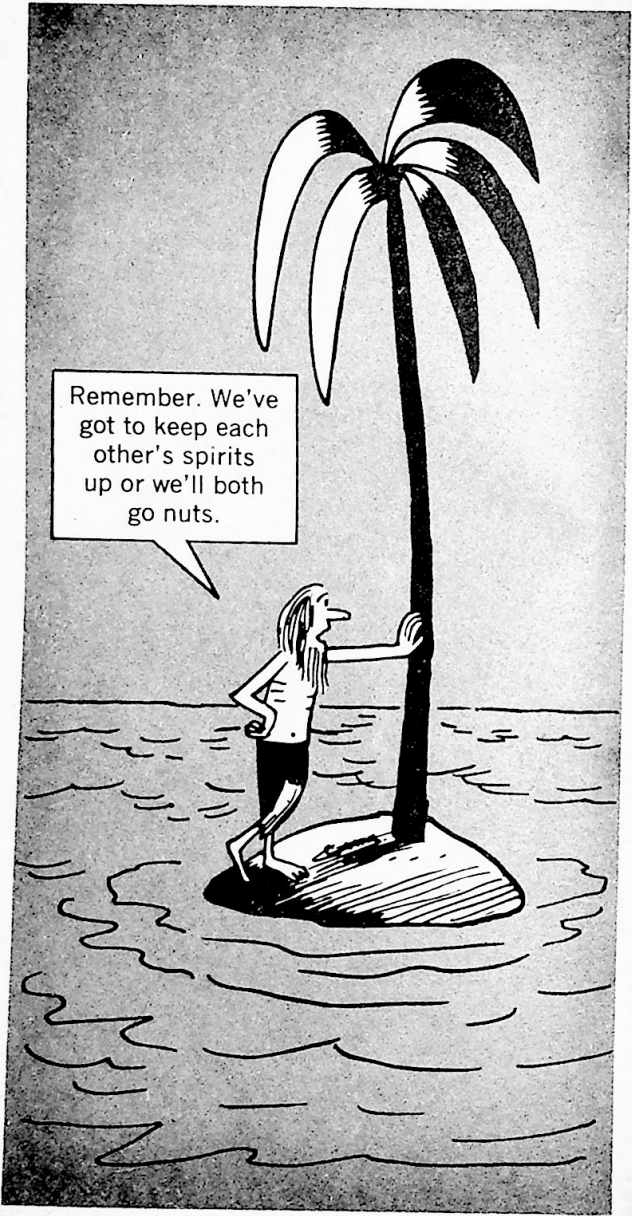




DAVID FRAZIER NEWS CO.







Remember. We've
got to keep each
other's spirits
up or we'll both
go nuts.

EASTERN AUTO RENTALS

CURRENT LOCATION OF CARS



It's on
a ferry.



FRANK
'N'
DRINK
60¢

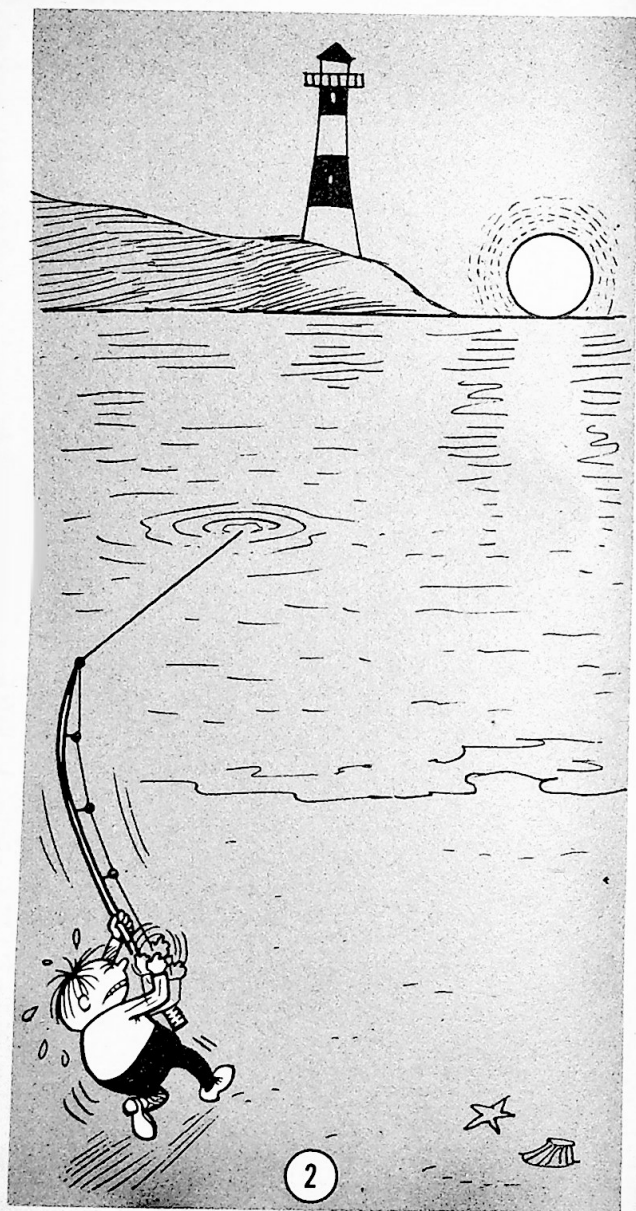
Yeah, I got
the raise and
I'm blowing it
all on lunch.

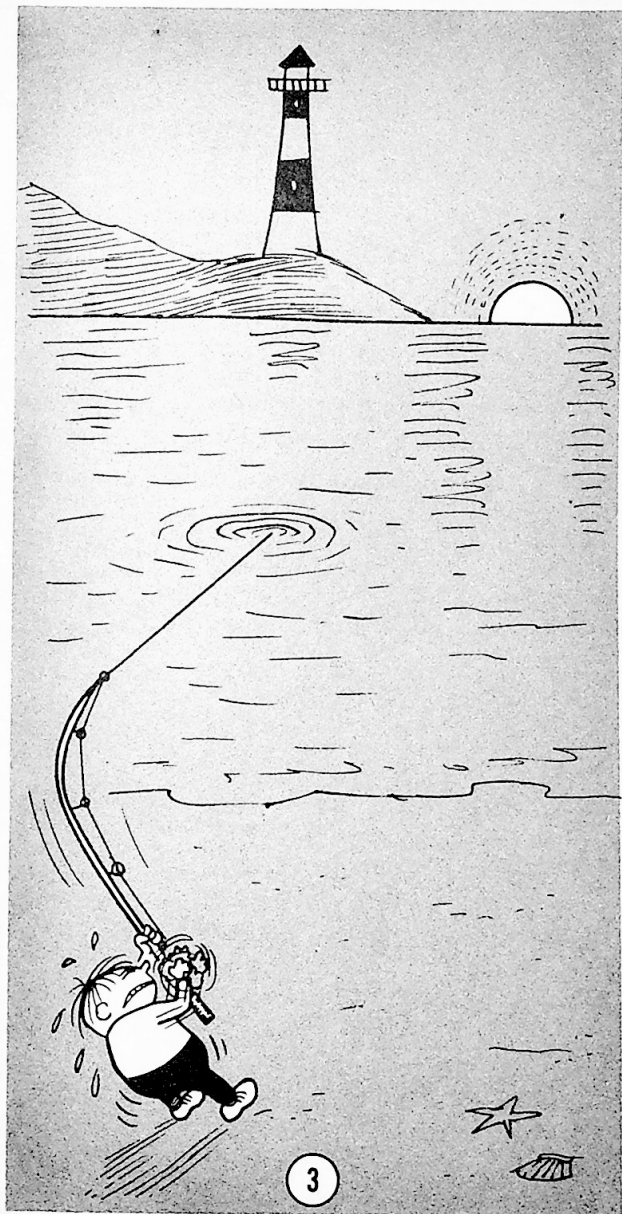


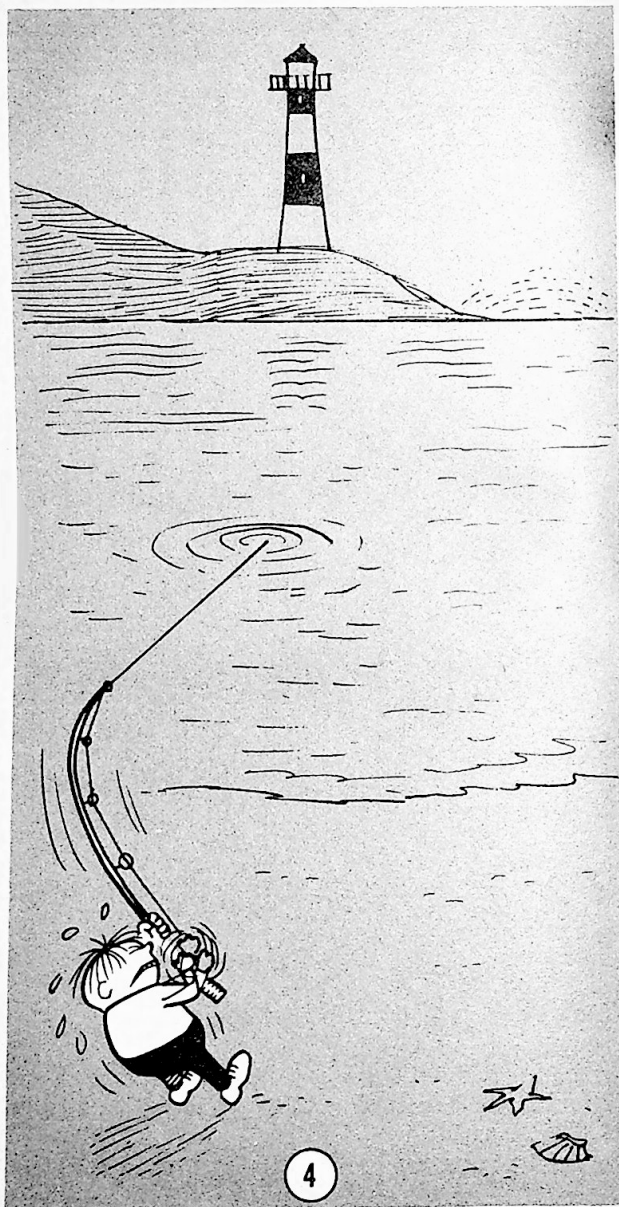
CHAPTER 13

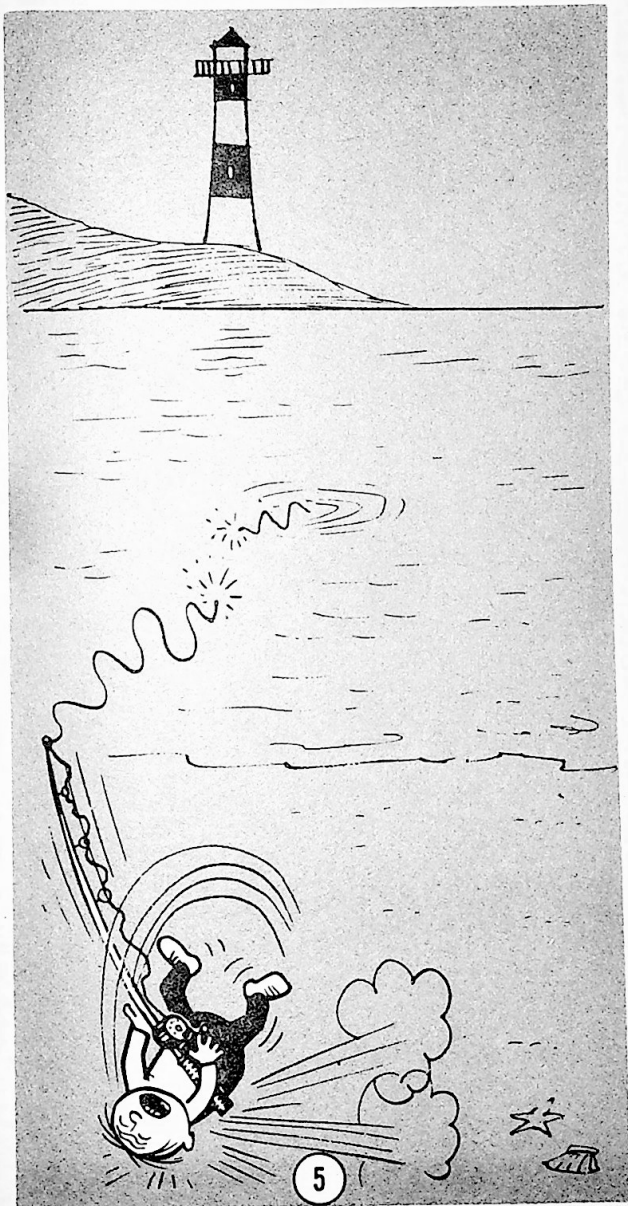
A reel life drama

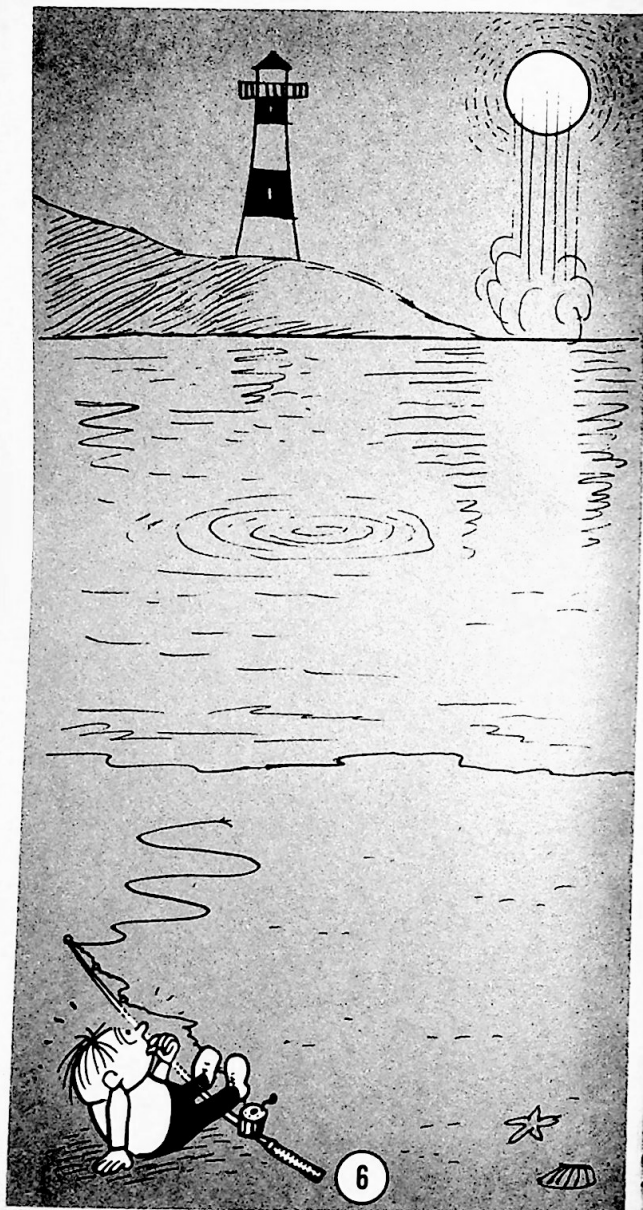












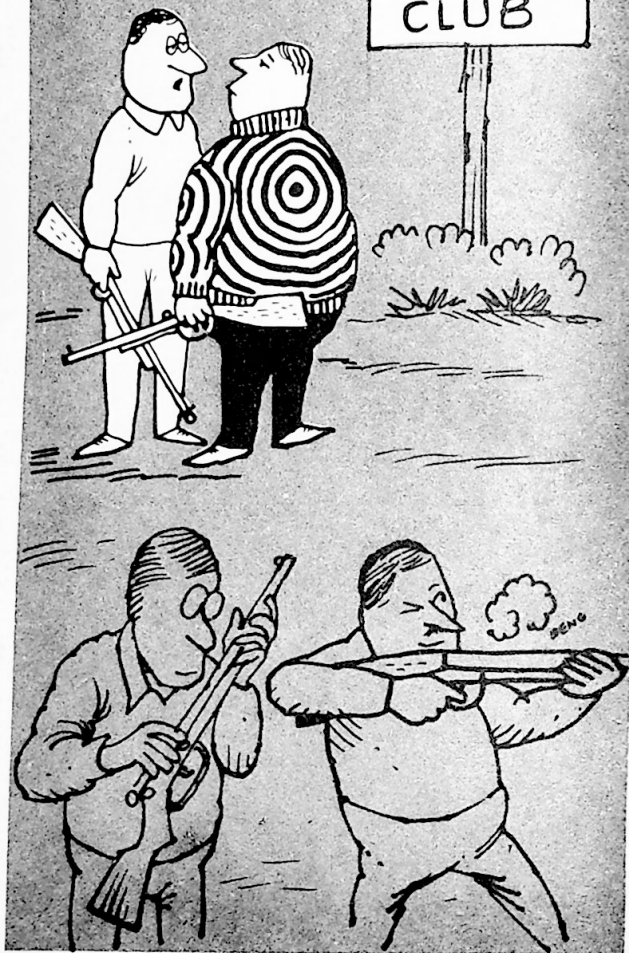
CHAPTER 14

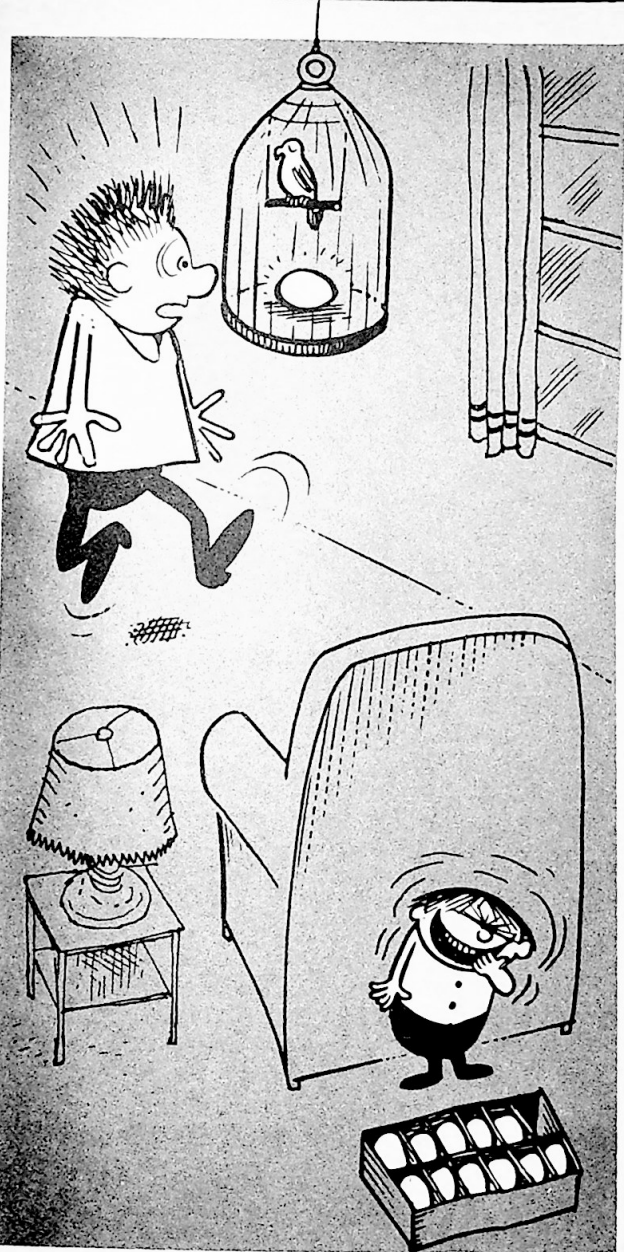
Another galling
compilation of
contrived comicalities

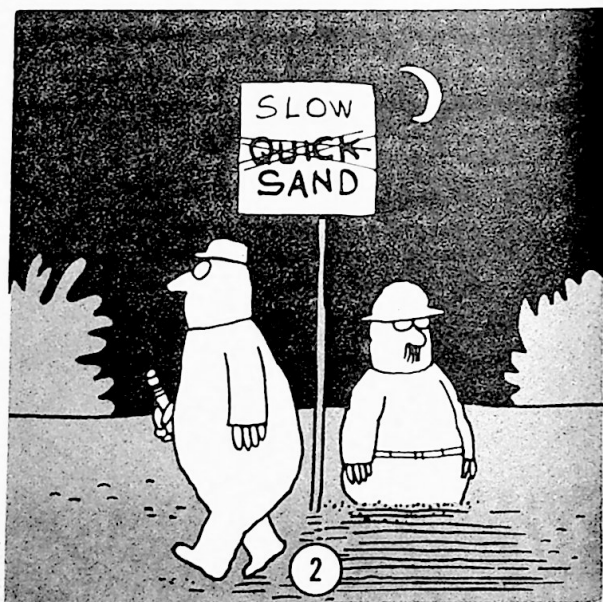
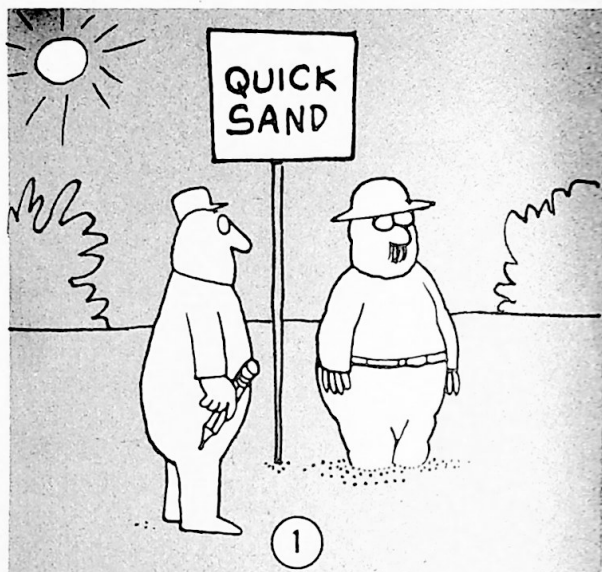


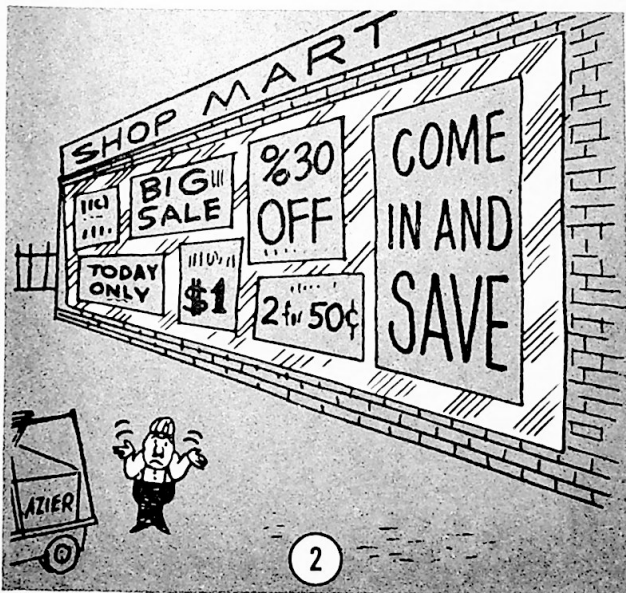
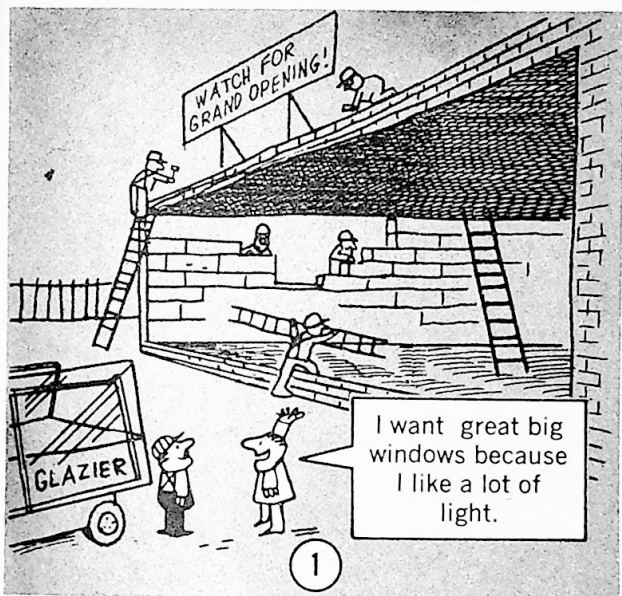
I suggest
you go home
and change
your shirt,
Bedlow.

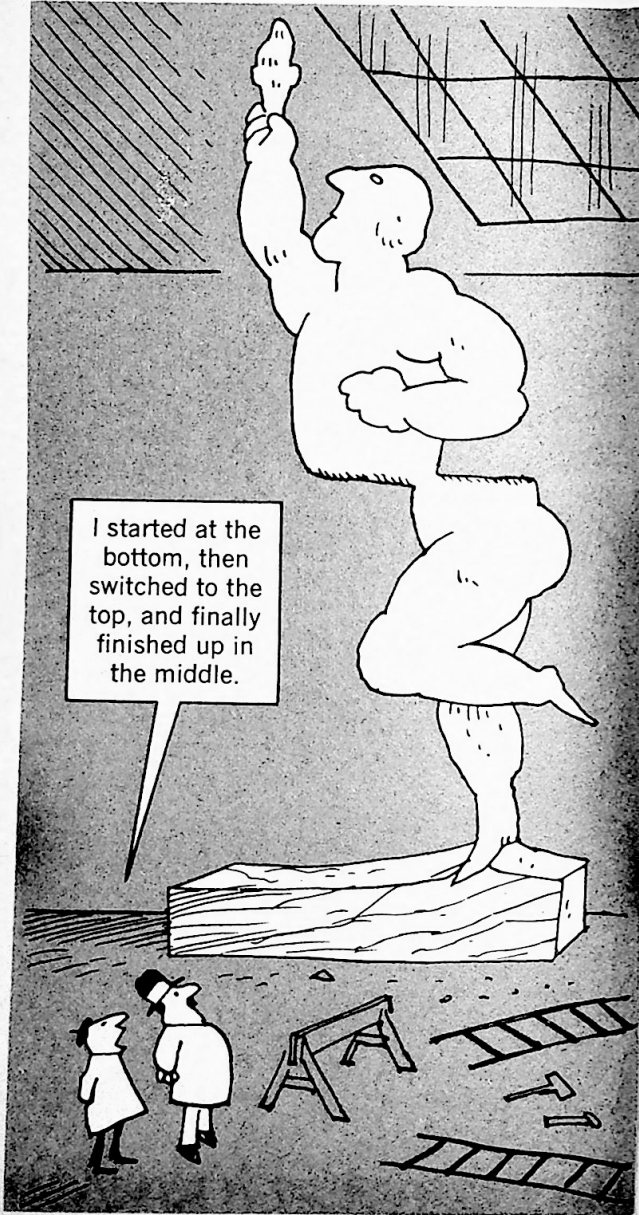
Yutzville
GUN
CLUB











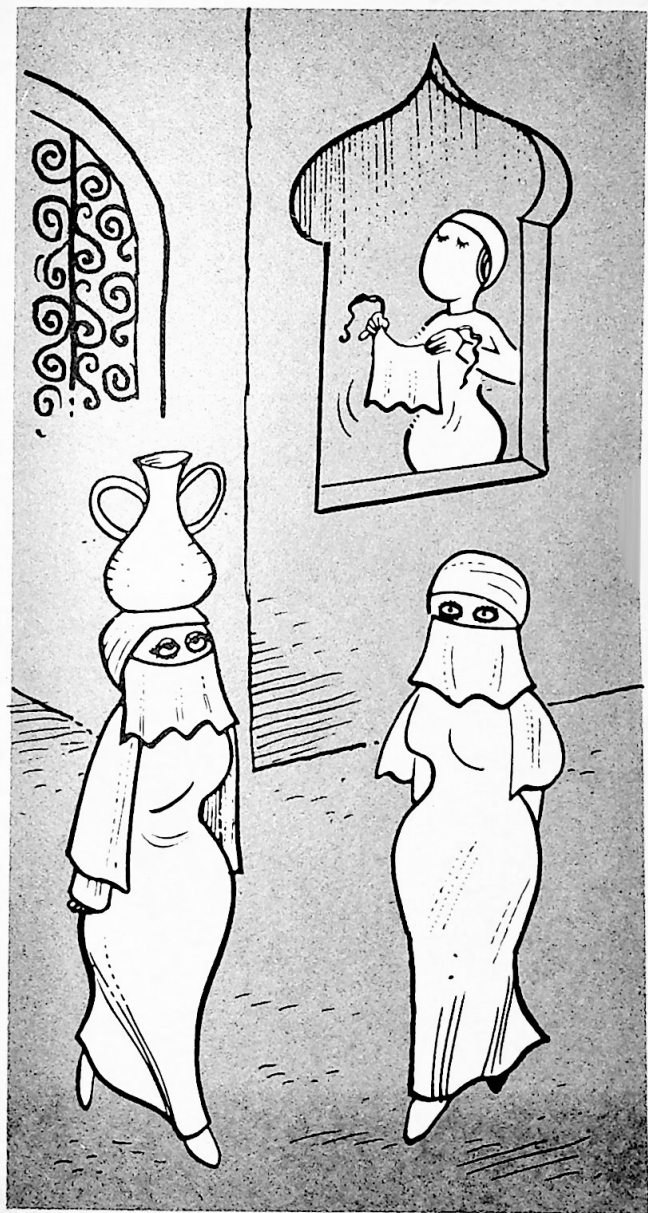
I started at the bottom, then switched to the top, and finally finished up in the middle.

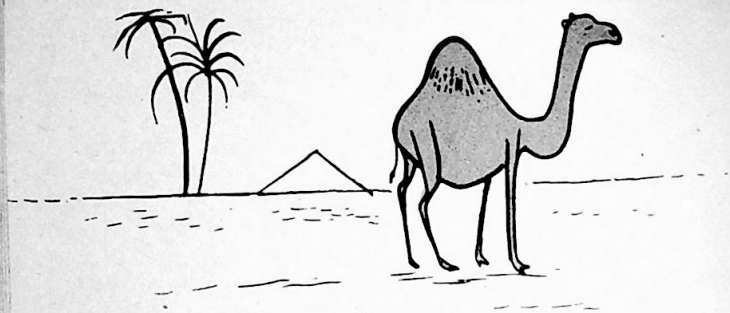


MATERNITY

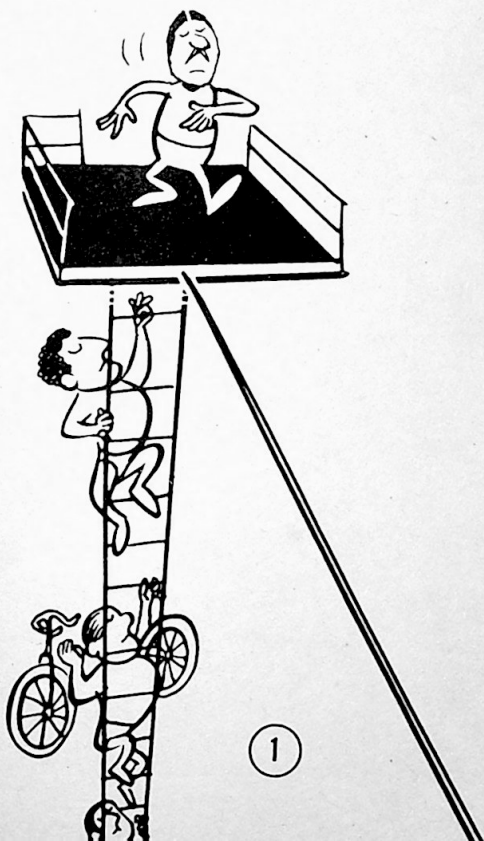
Don't get excited,
Mr. Birdwell. It's
only laundry.

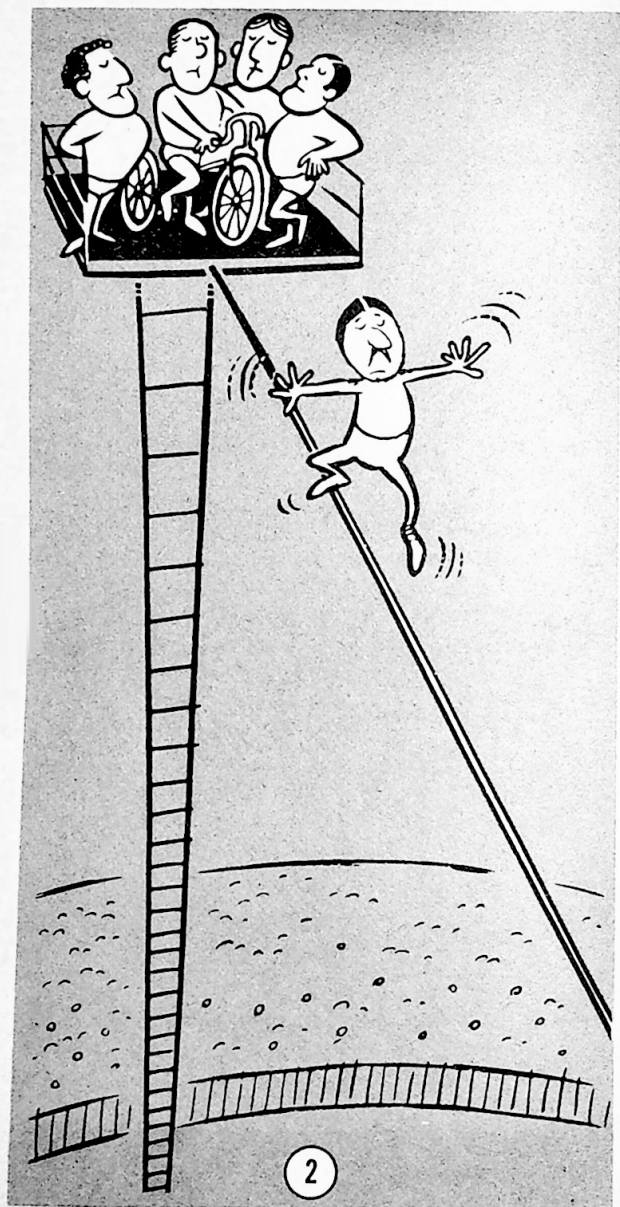


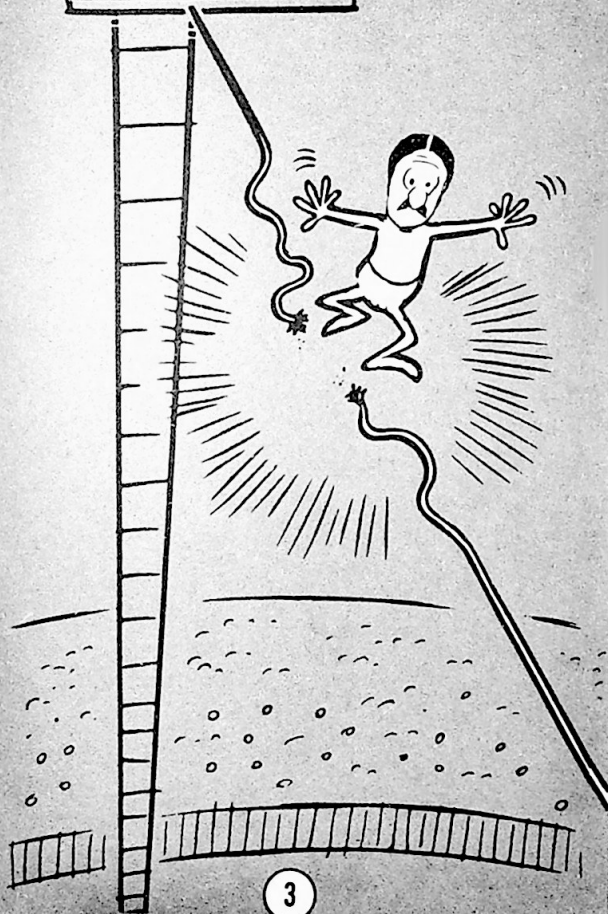


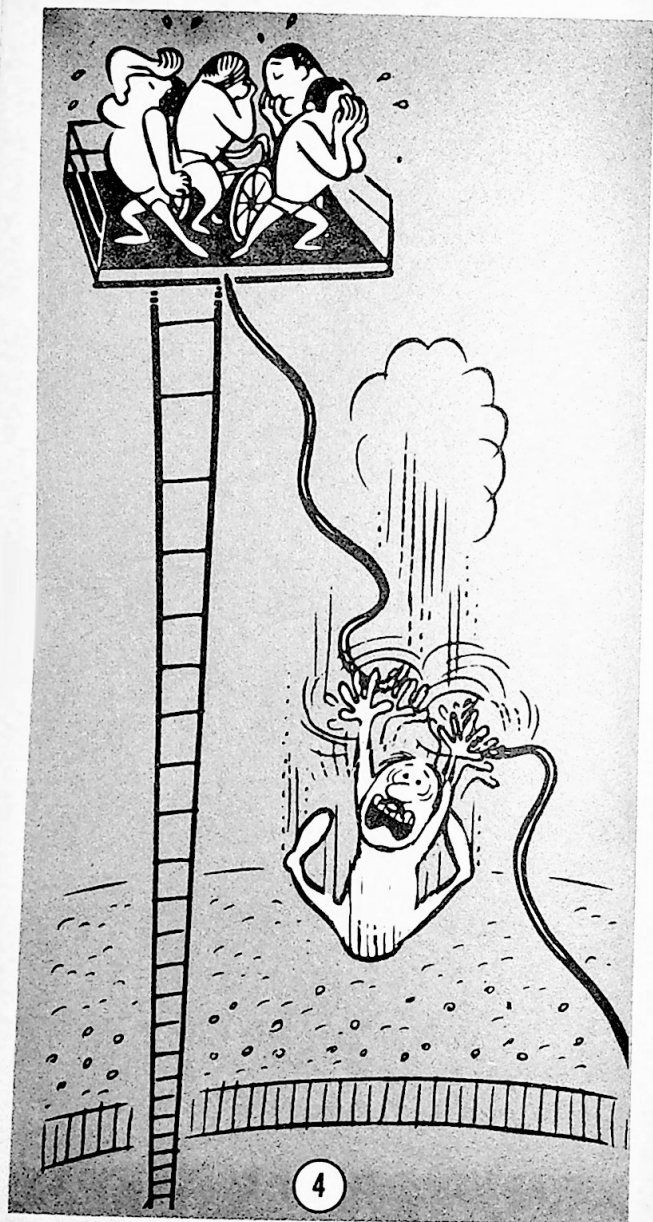


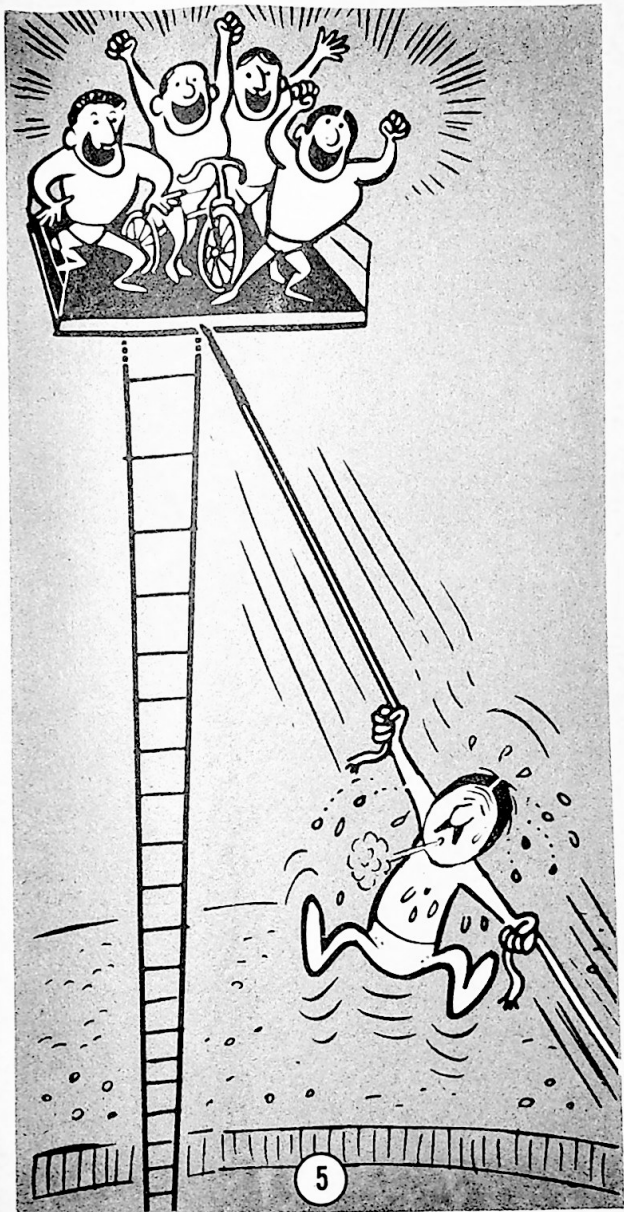
a tight spot

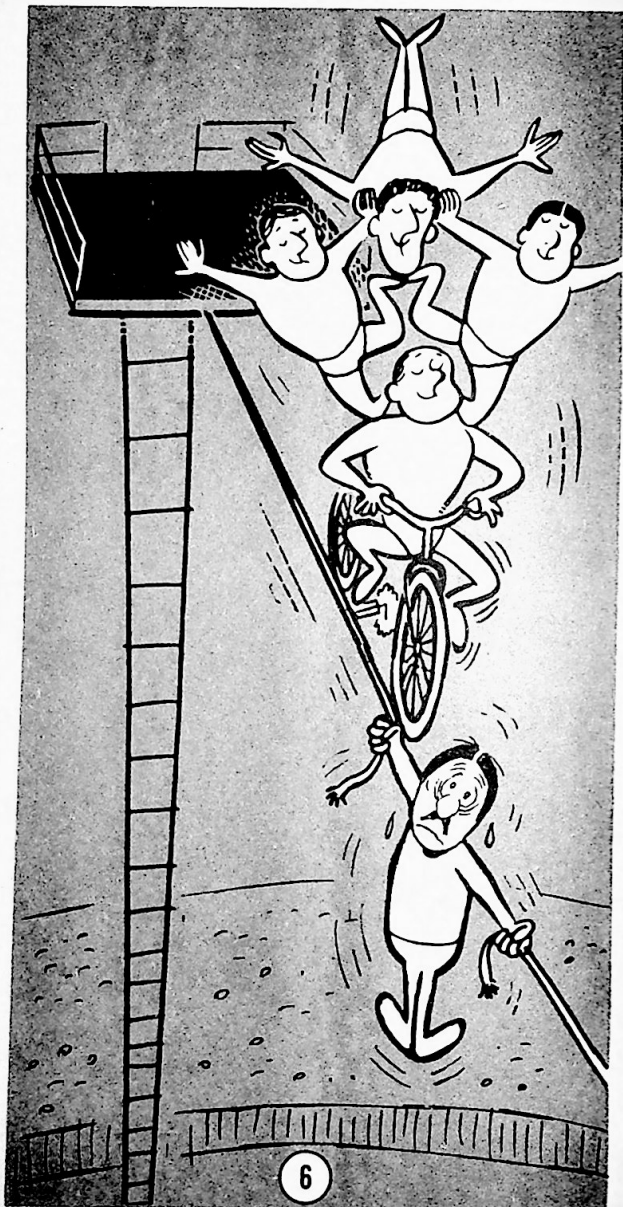






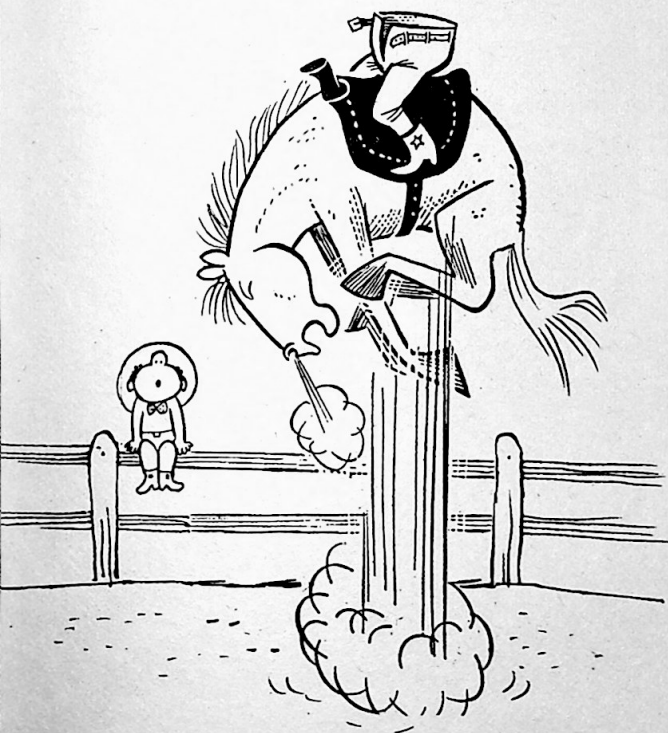




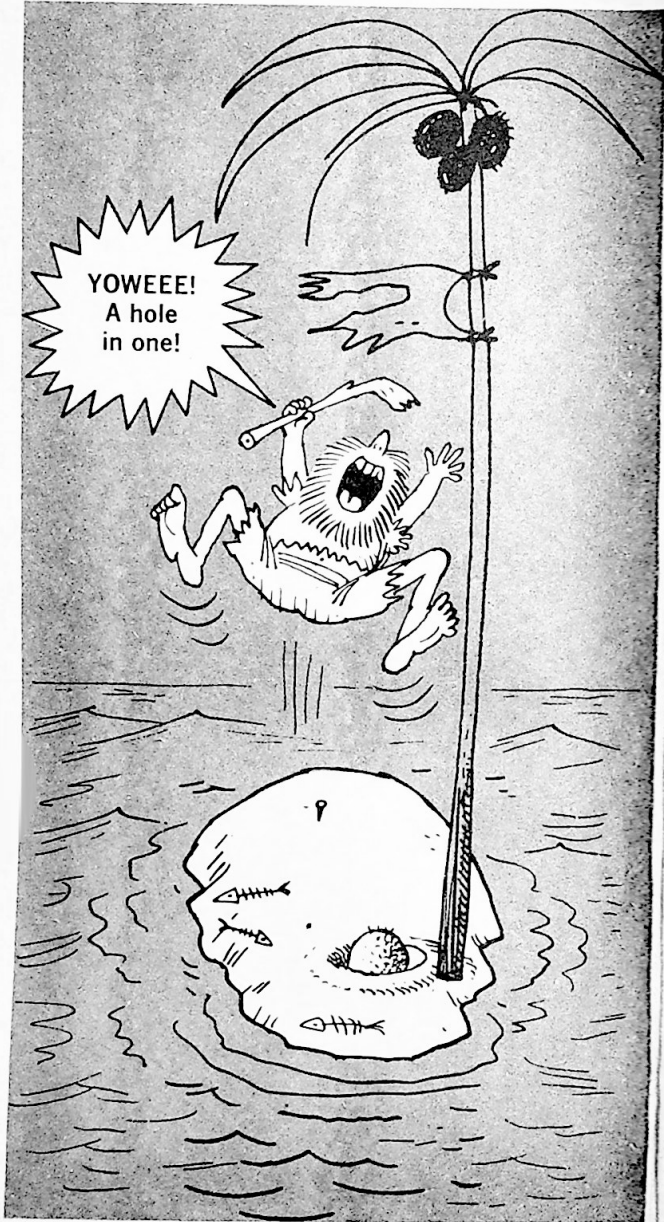


CHAPTER 16

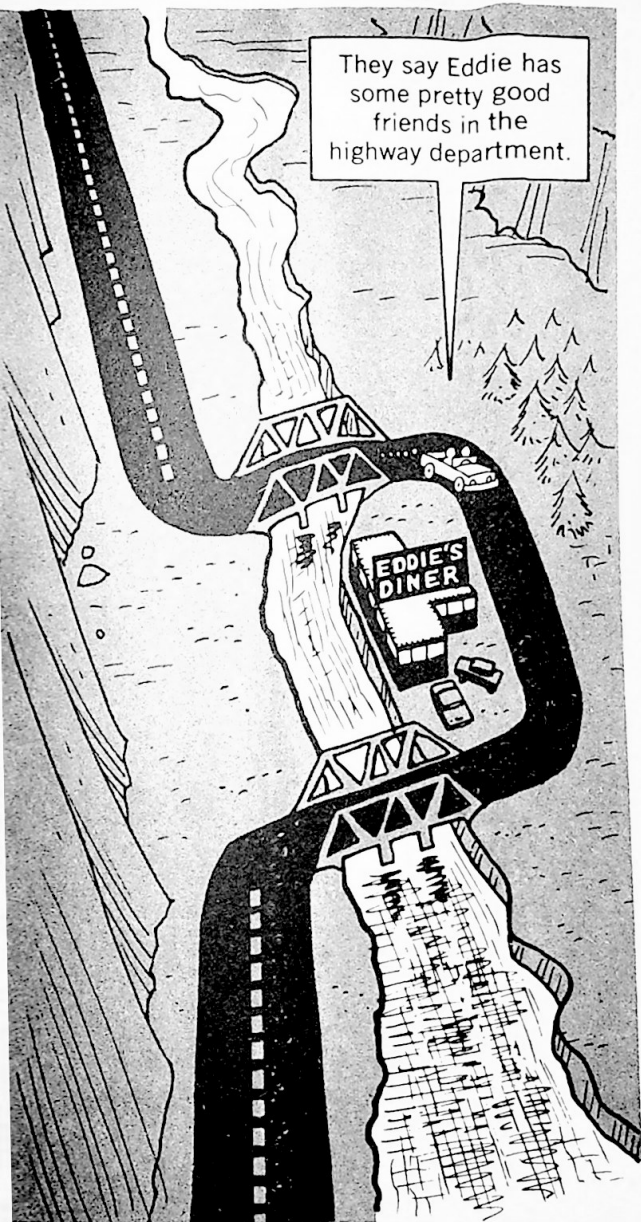
Another pitiable roundup
of ridiculous
risibilities



YOWEEE!
A hole
in one!

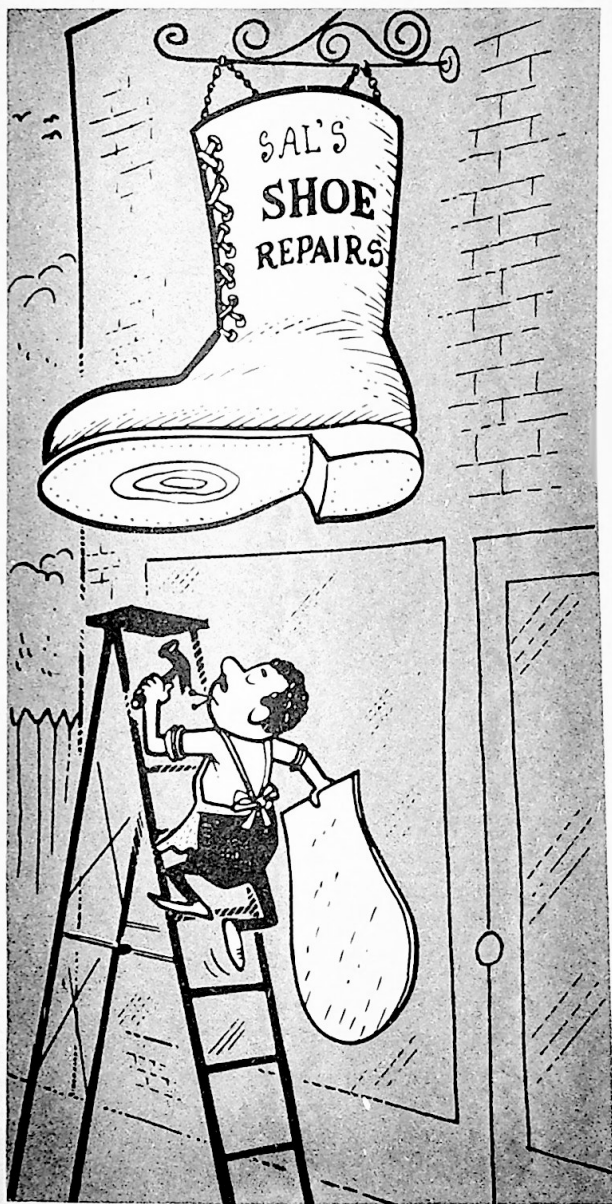


They say Eddie has
some pretty good
friends in the
highway department.



You'll just
have to buy
a grater . . . I
can't
afford to
be late for
rehearsal
again.













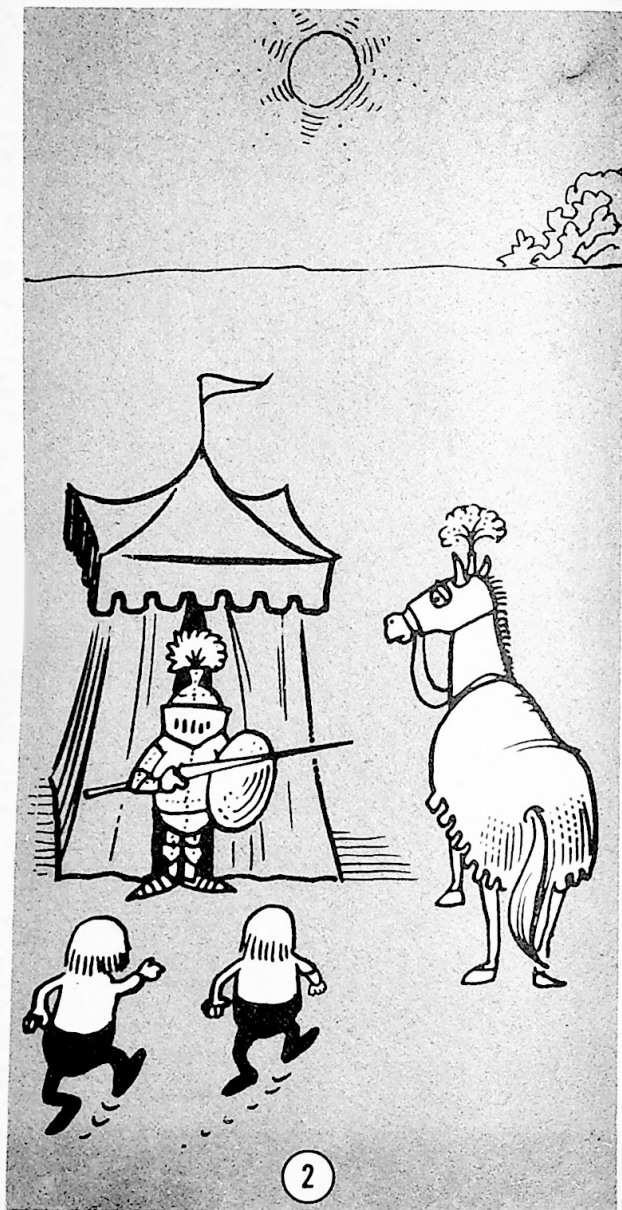
I don't
understand
it . . . they're
supposed to
be fiercely
hostile.

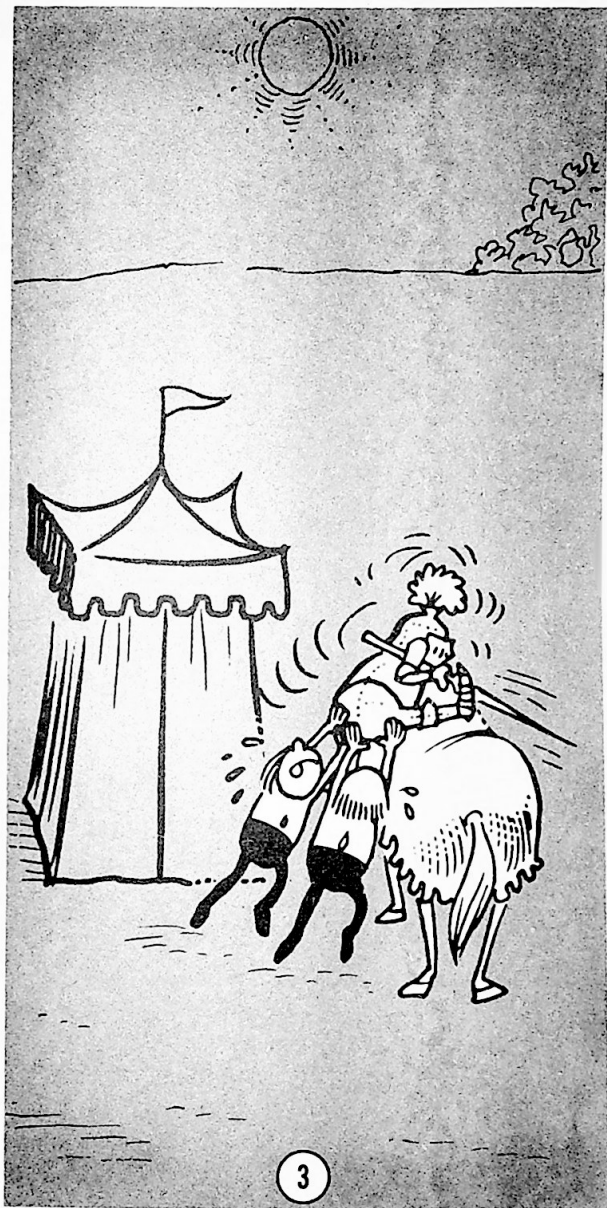




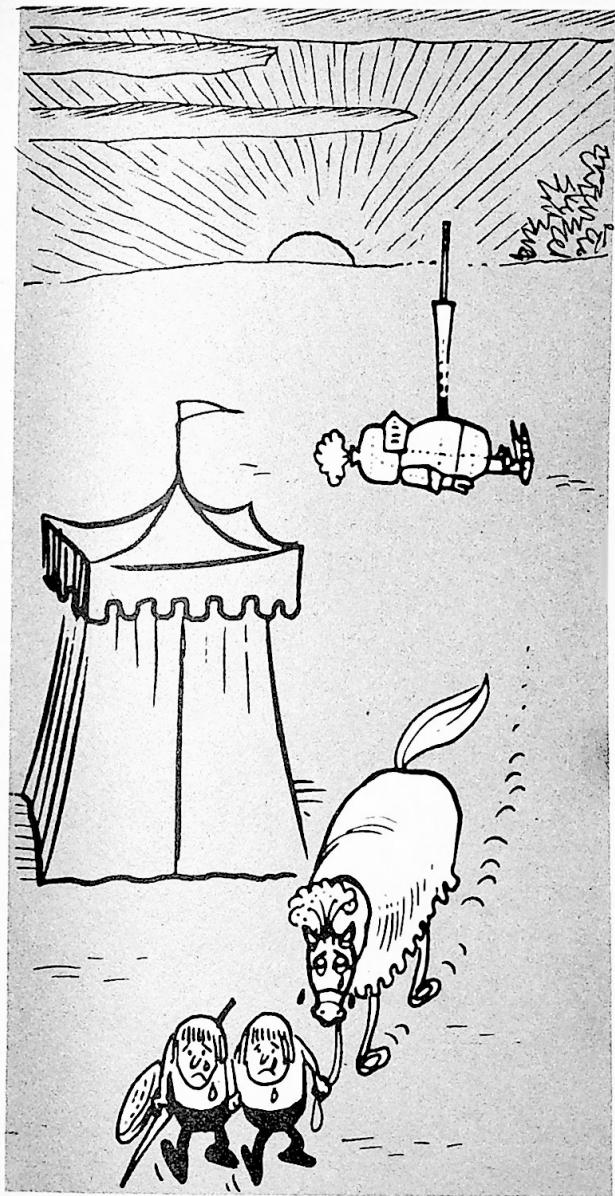
One dark and dreary knight

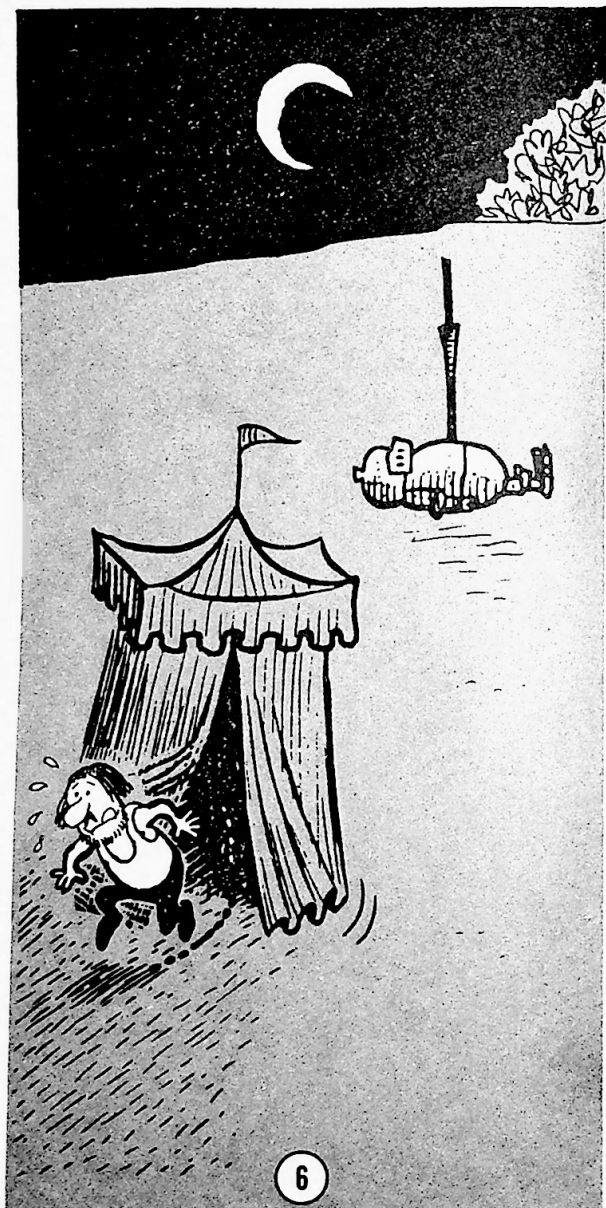










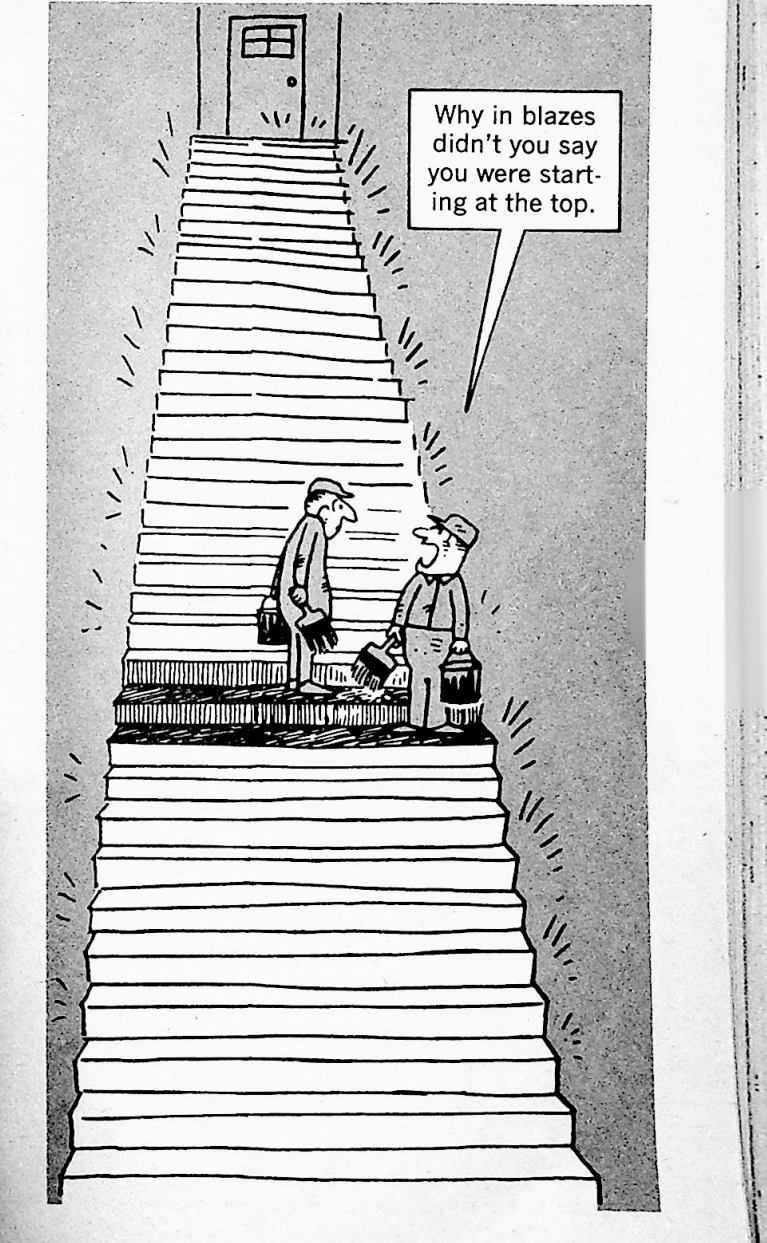


Another disagreeable
conglomeration of
dimwitted drolleries

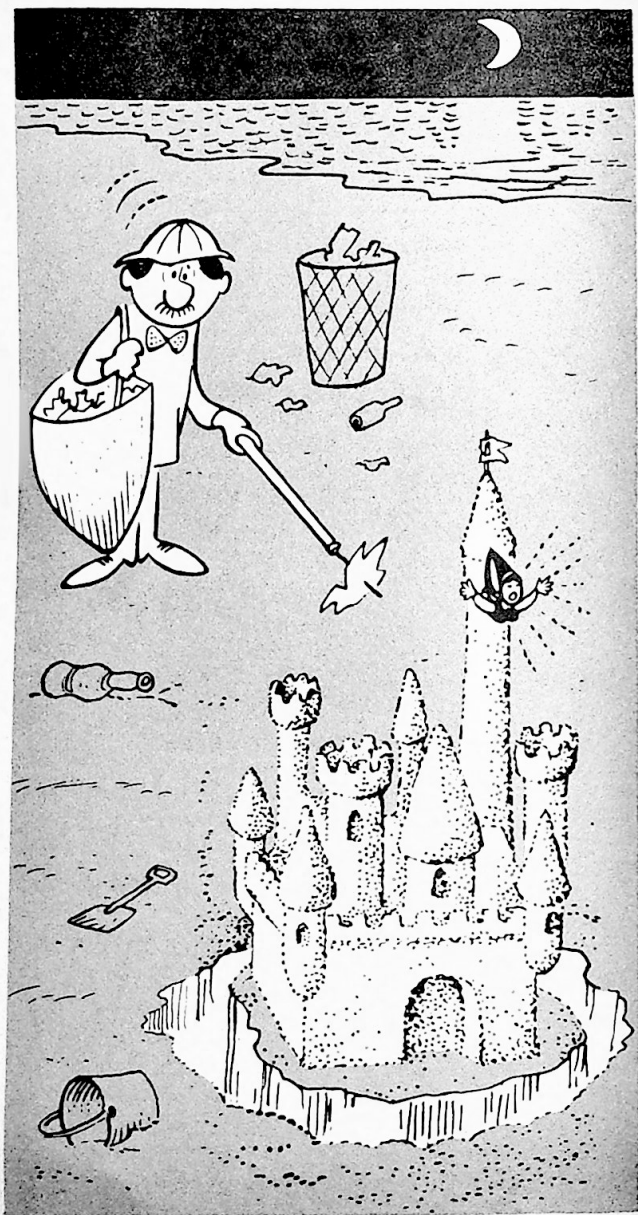


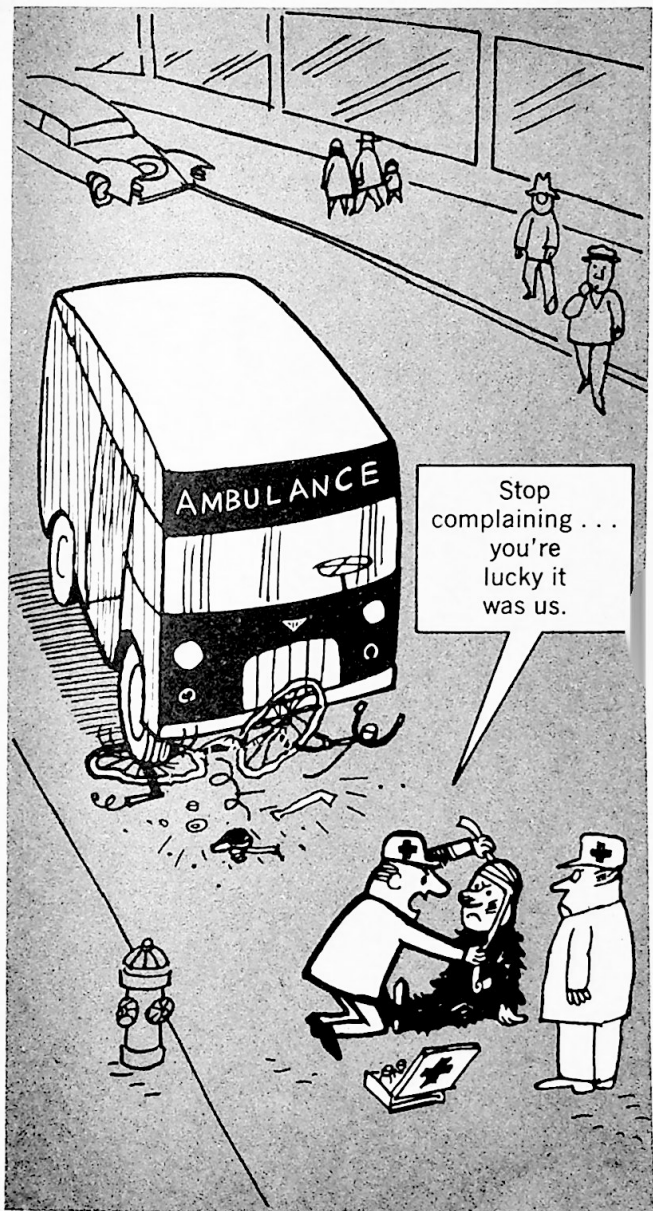
Give me one good
reason why carrying
passengers in
trailers needs
to be illegal.





Why in blazes
didn't you say
you were start-
ing at the top.

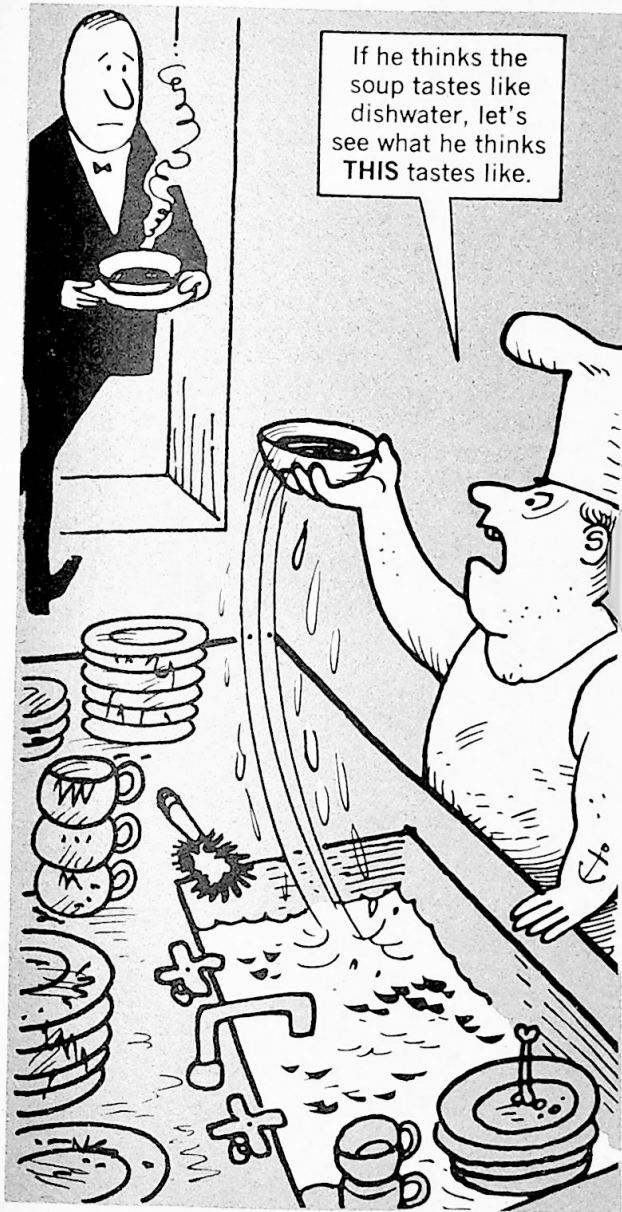




There's not a
thing wrong with
you that a little
fun and relaxation
won't cure.



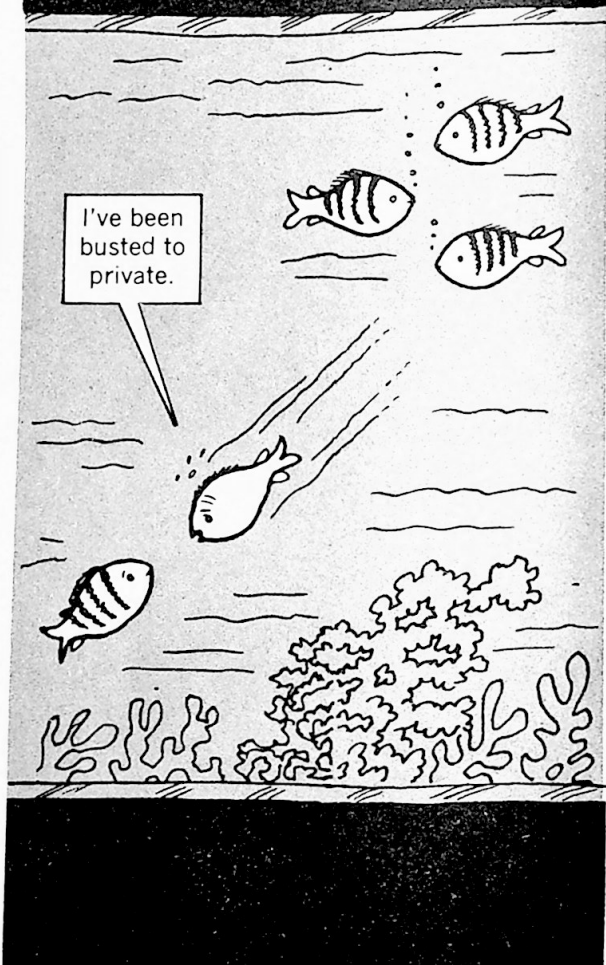
If he thinks the
soup tastes like
dishwater, let's
see what he thinks
THIS tastes like.

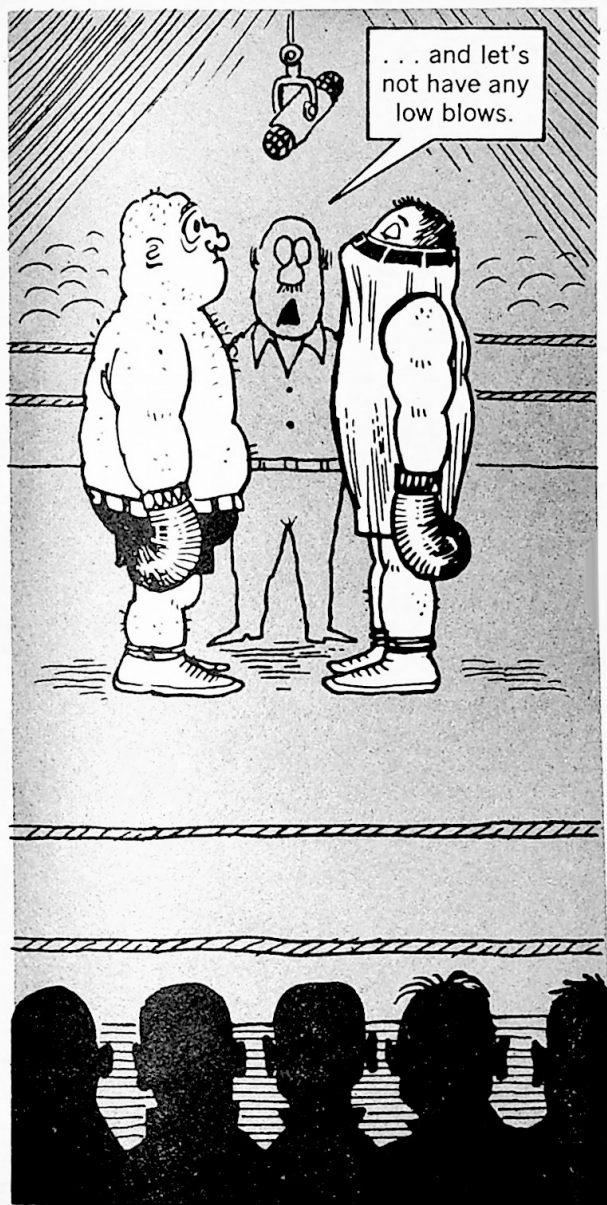


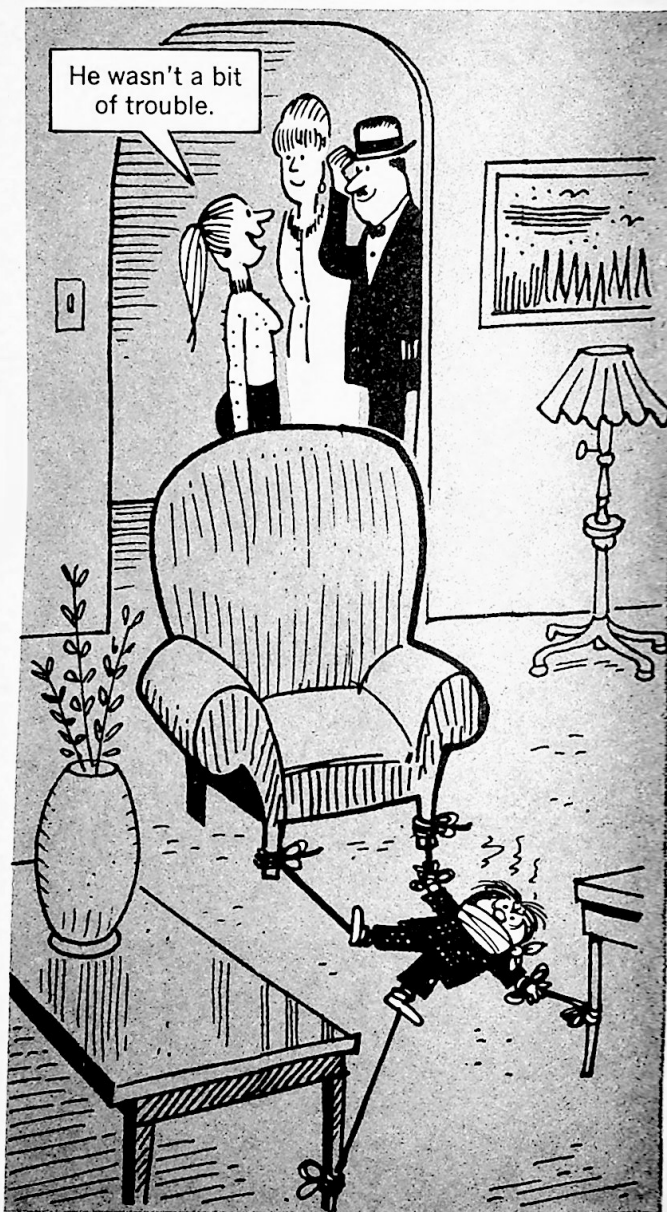
TROPICAL FISH

SERGEANT MAJORS

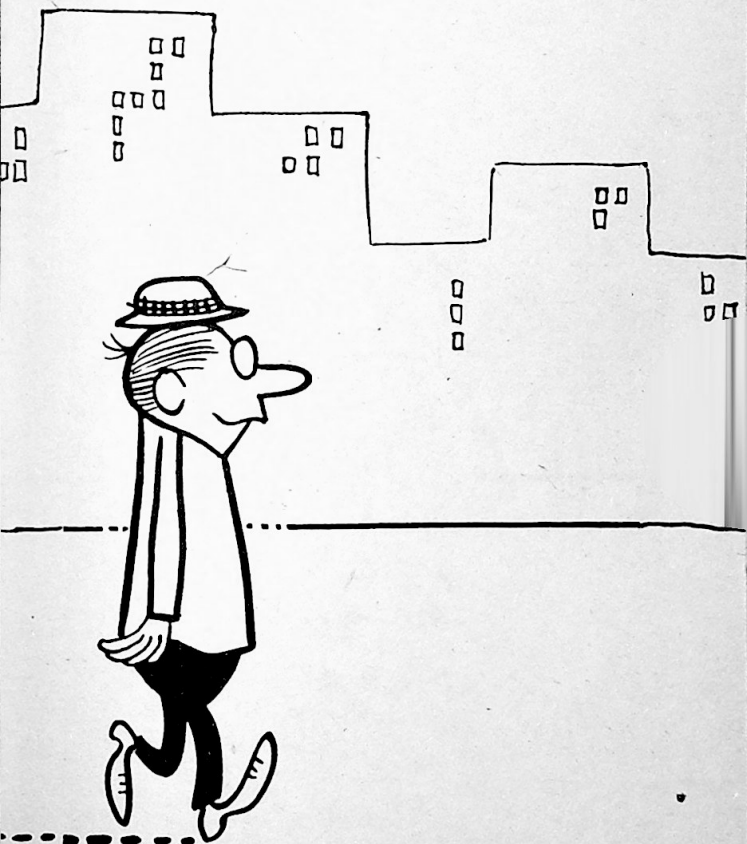
I've been
busted to
private.

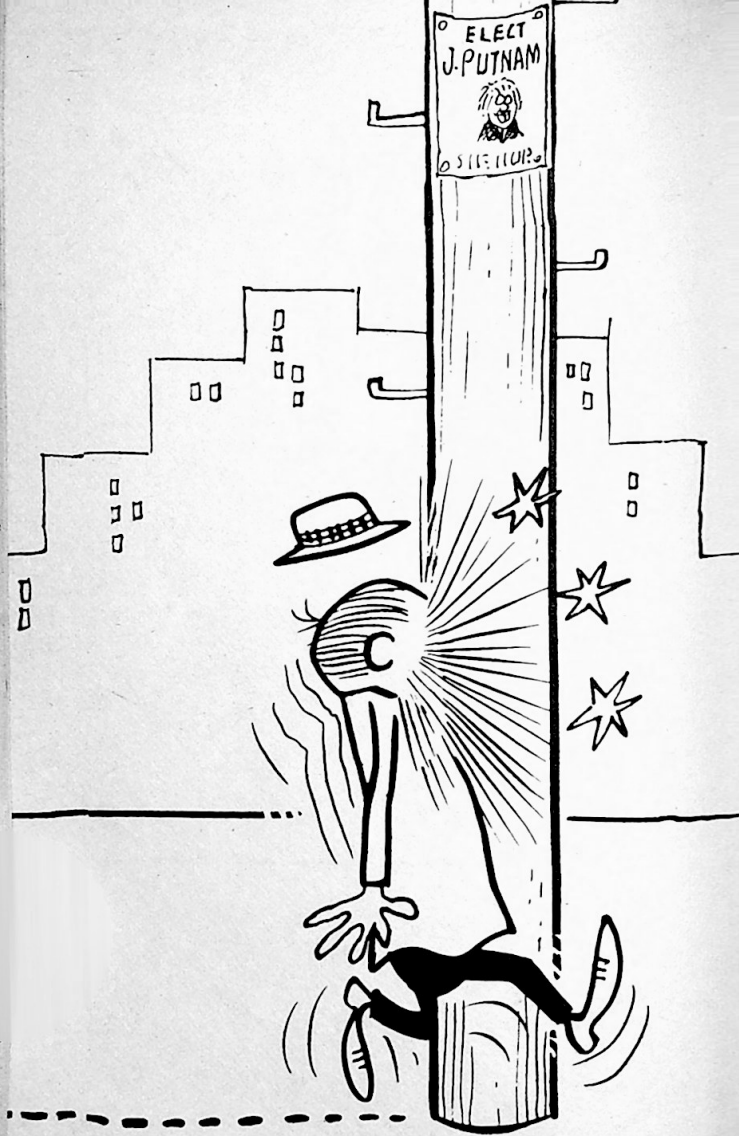


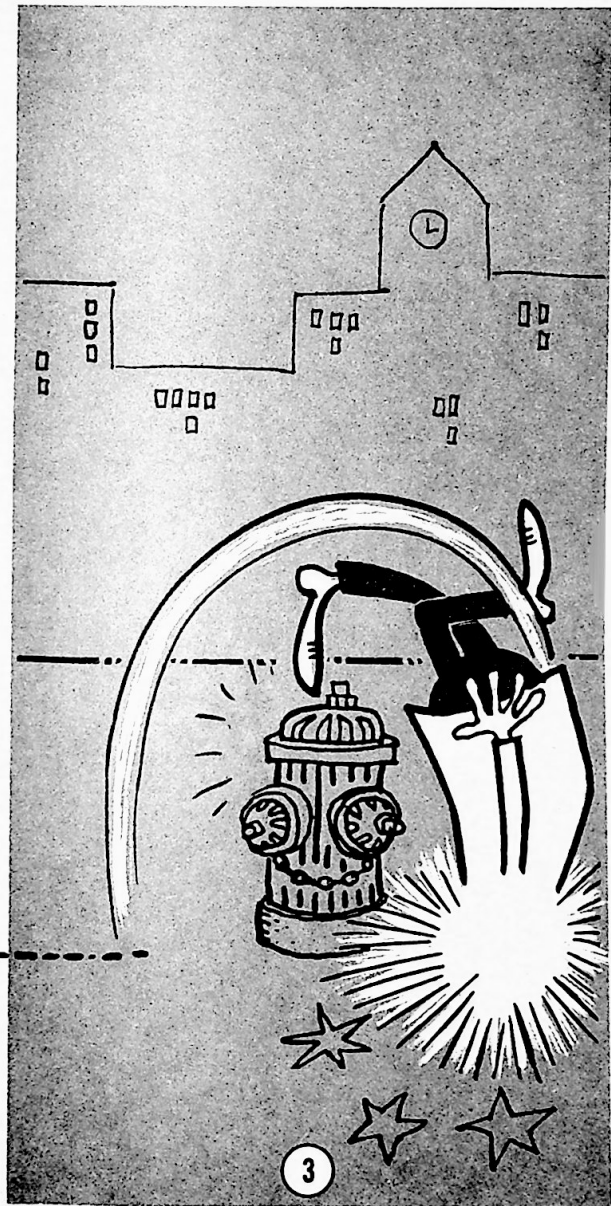


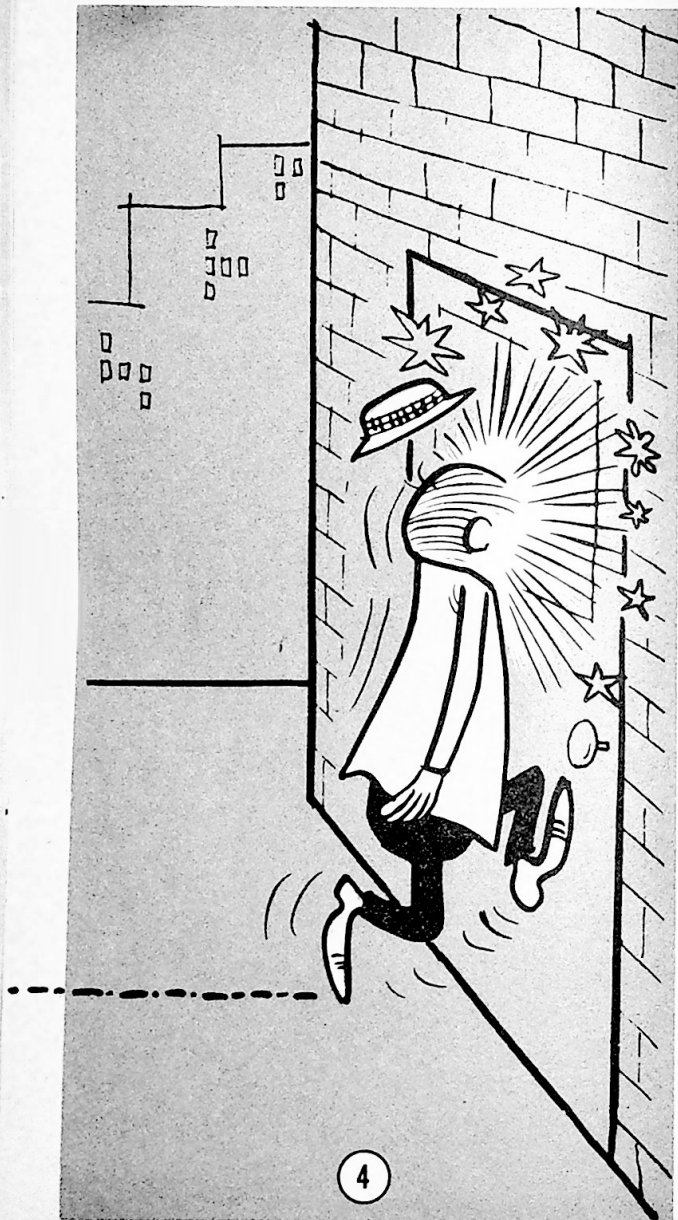


An out of sight saga

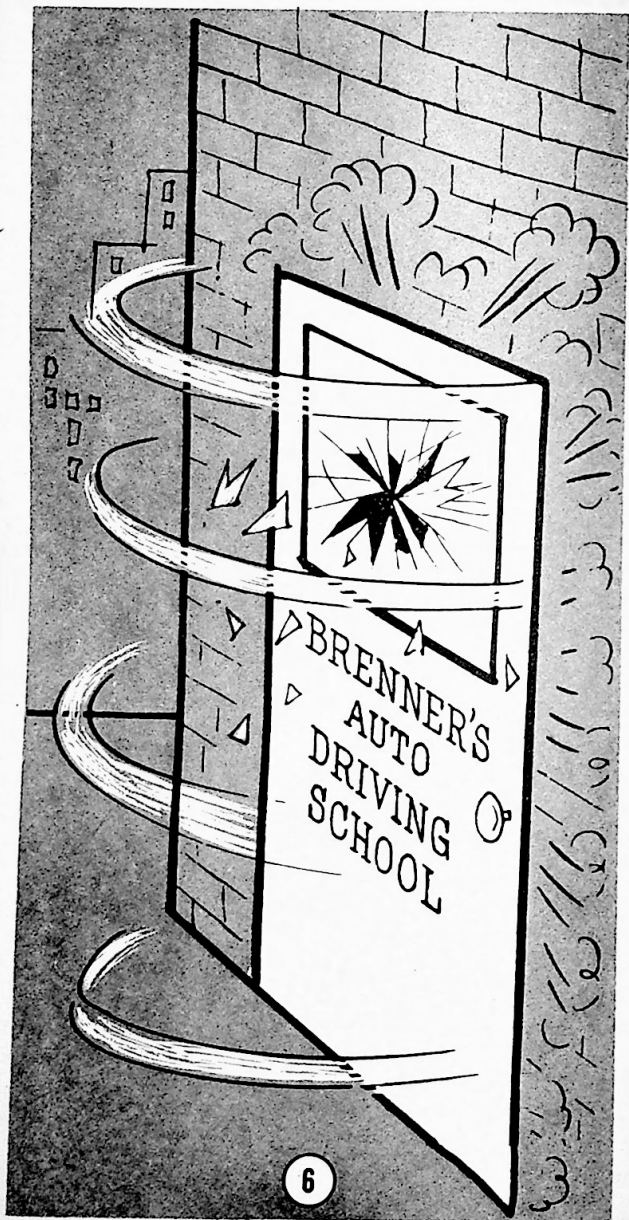






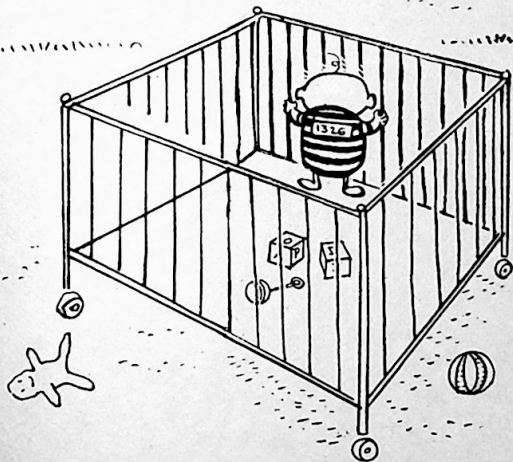
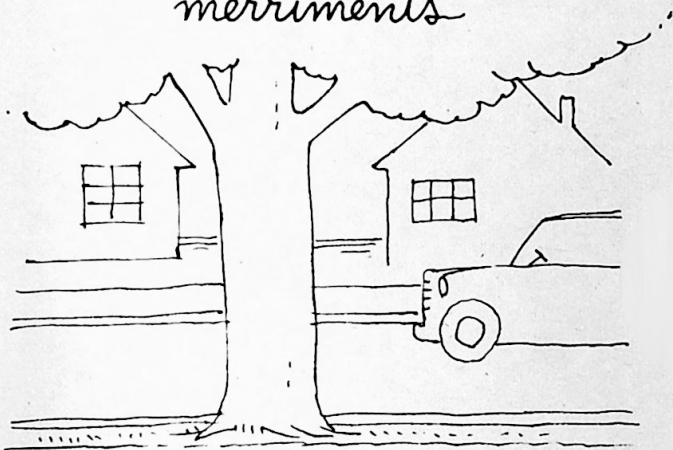






CHAPTER 20

Another lamentable quantity
of meaningless
merriments



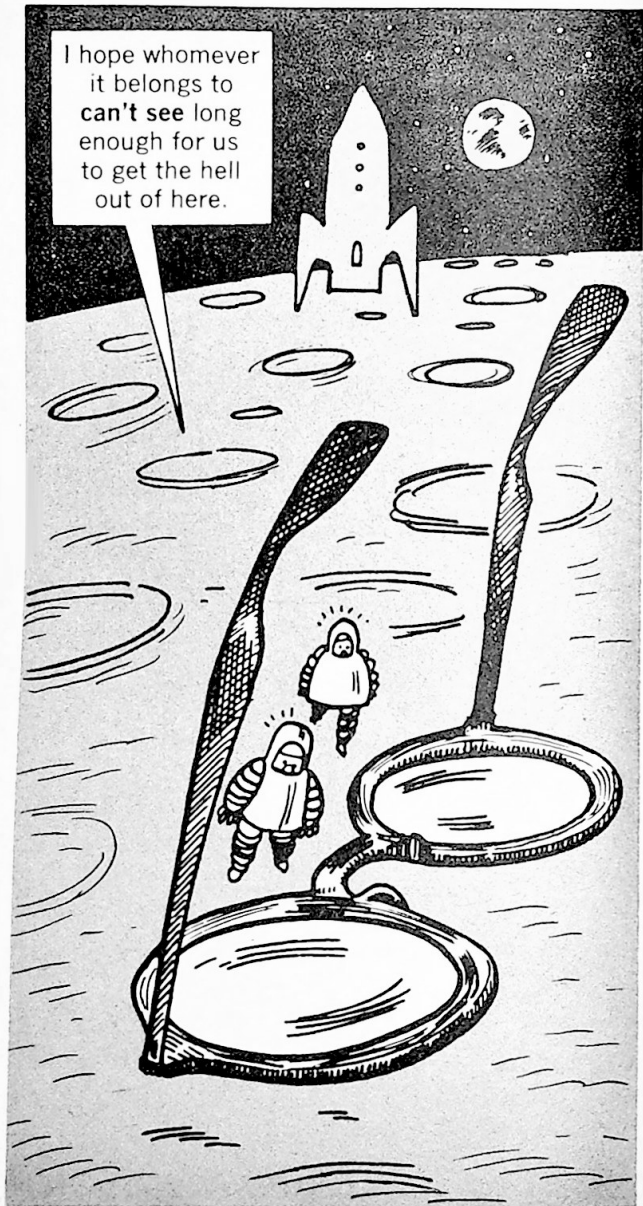
Tsk, tsk, tsk.
The cost of living
has gone up again.

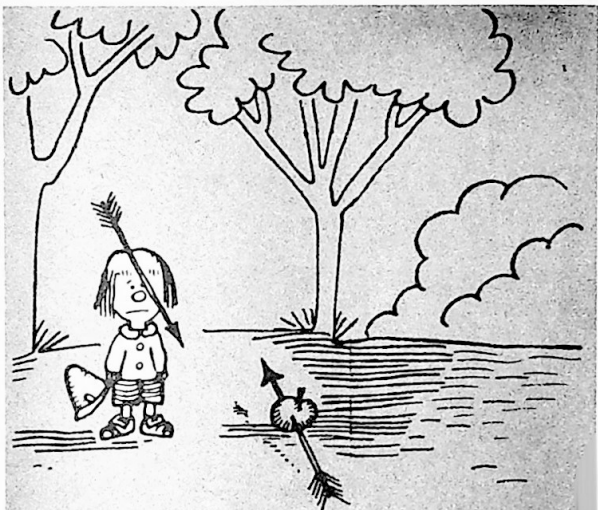


... but before we begin our dictation for today, a word from our sponsor. . . . Do you suffer from "OVERSLEEP"? Do you get to your office late every day? Do you worry about losing your job? . . .



I hope whomever
it belongs to
can't see long
enough for us
to get the hell
out of here.

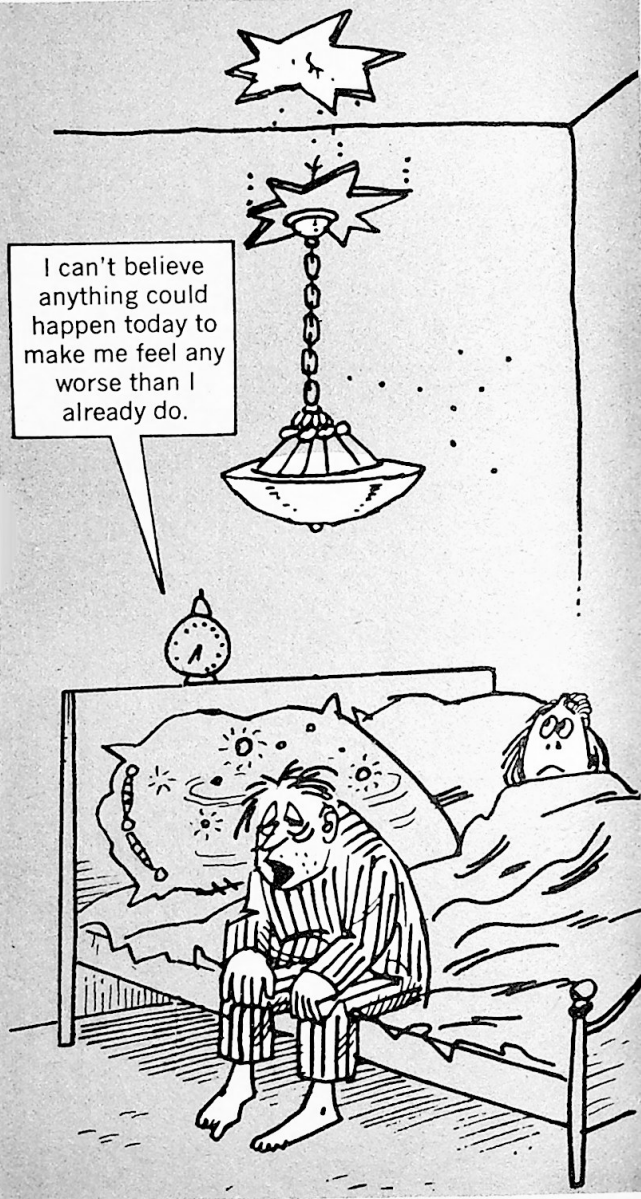


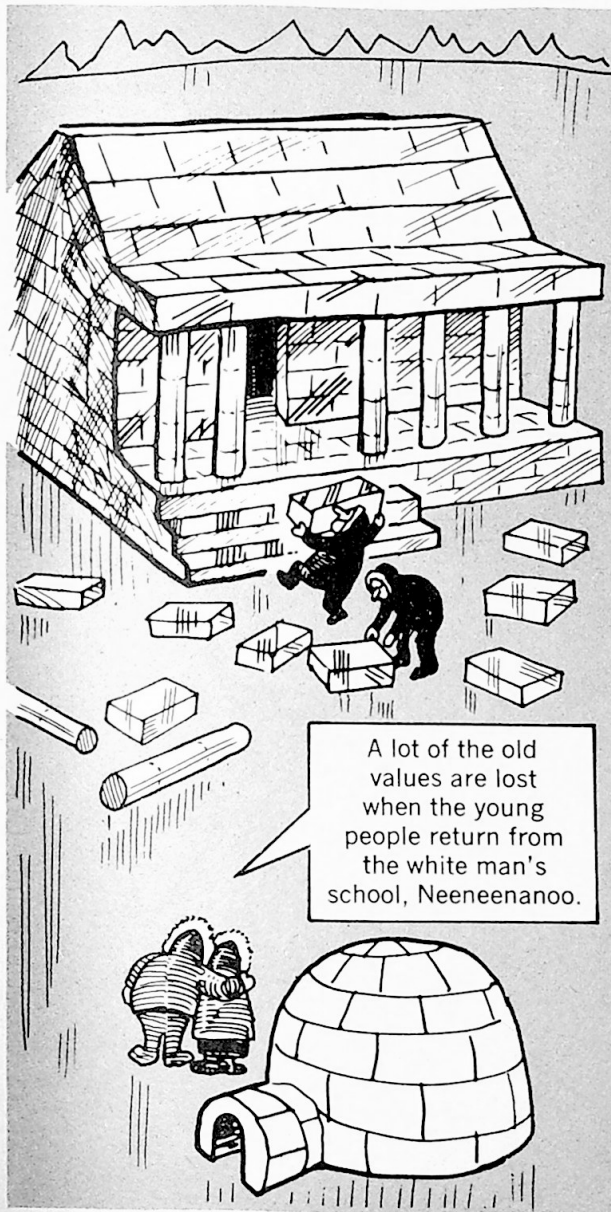


And now . . .
the hard way.



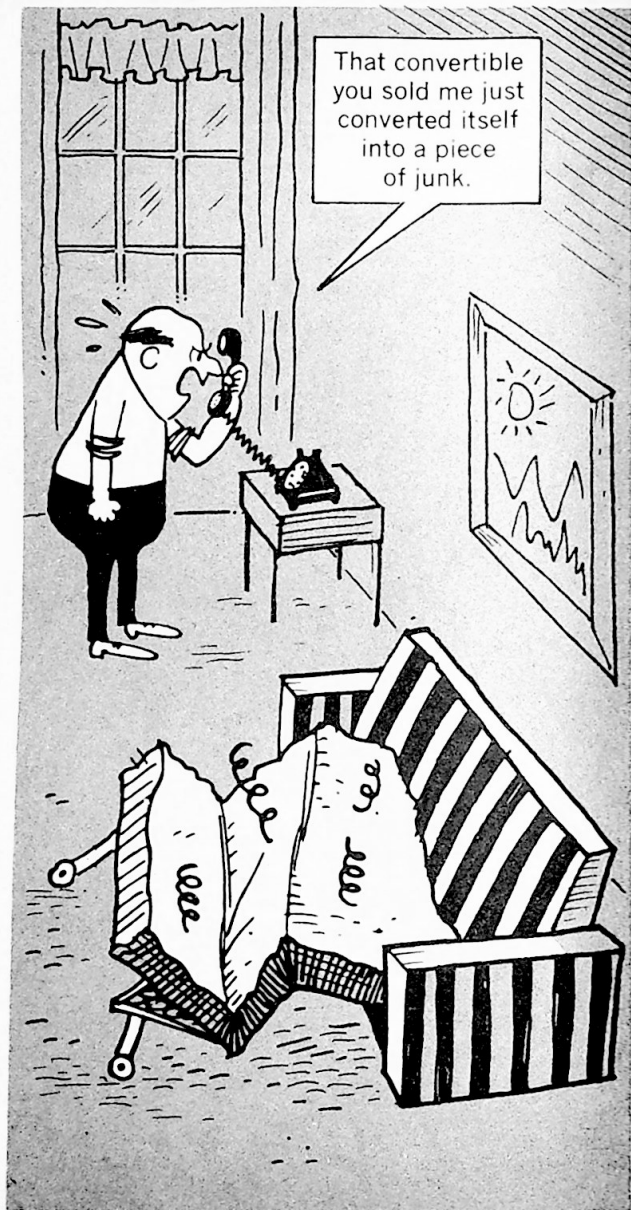
I can't believe
anything could
happen today to
make me feel any
worse than I
already do.

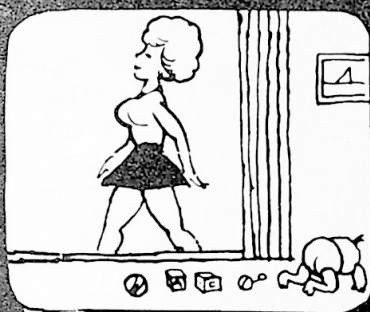




A lot of the old
values are lost
when the young
people return from
the white man's
school, Neeneenanoo.

That convertible
you sold me just
converted itself
into a piece
of junk.





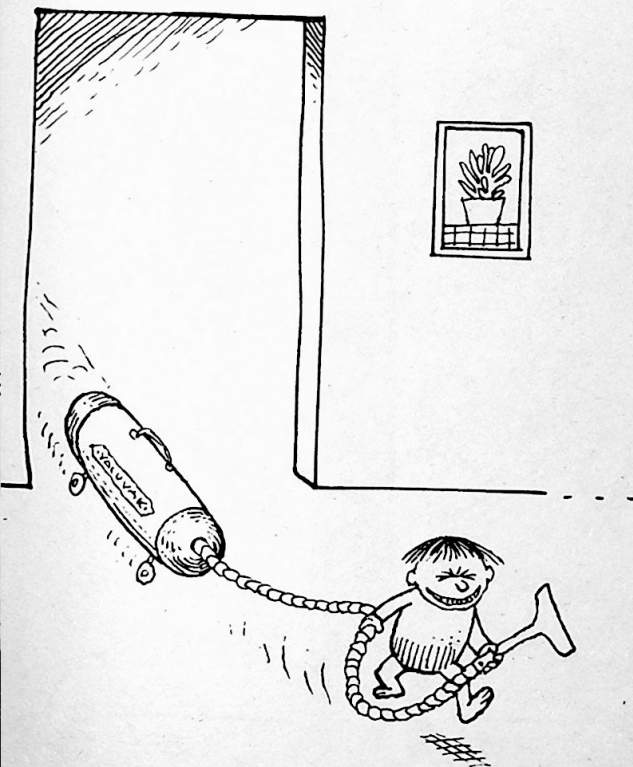
Now here's
a really
good shot
of the baby.



Naw, fishing's terrible here.
Try the other side of the lake.

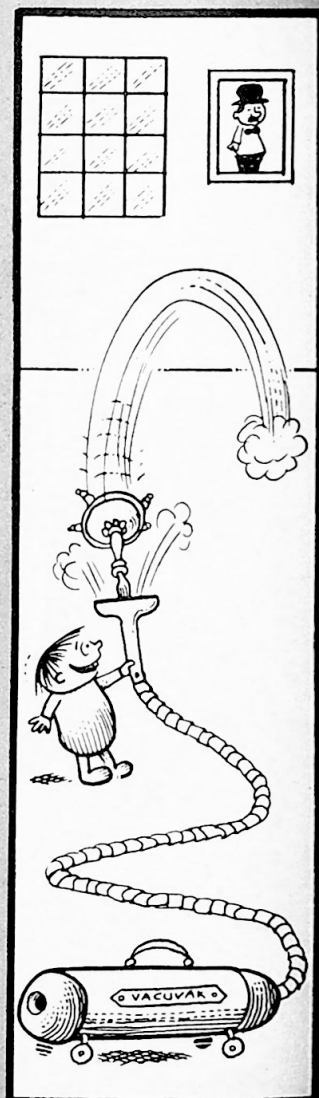


A sucker story

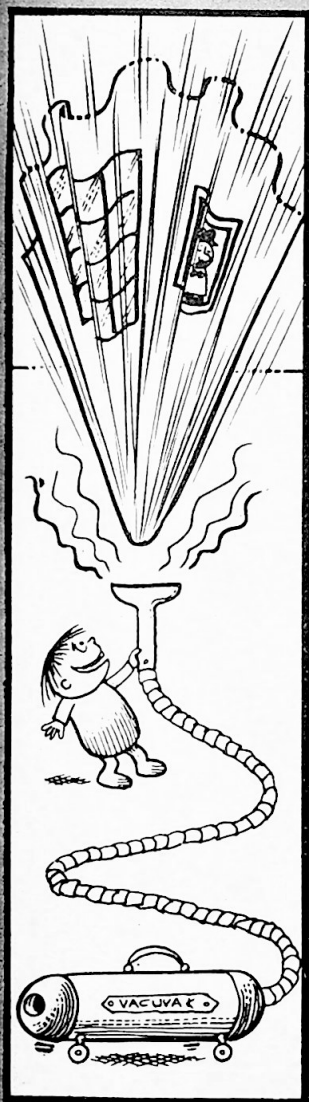




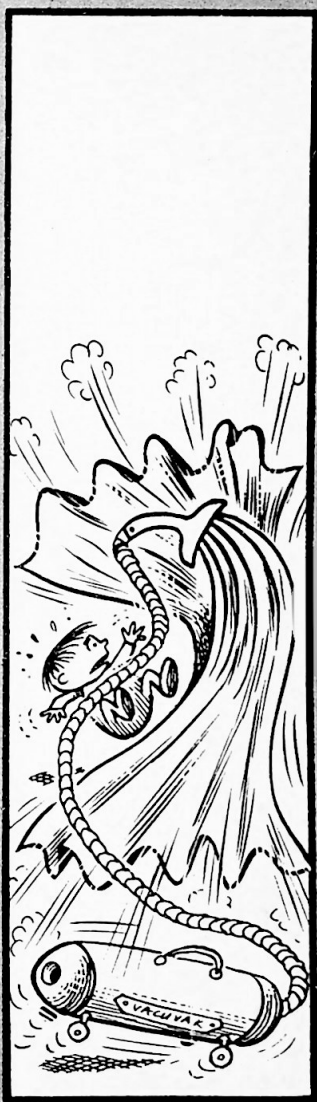
2



3



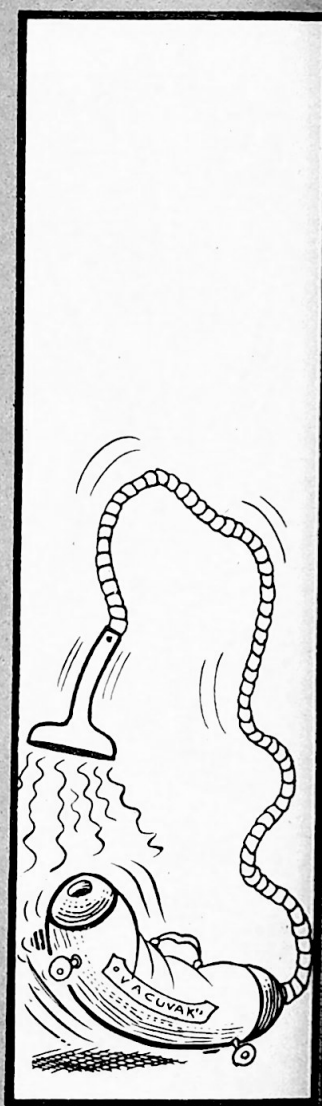
4



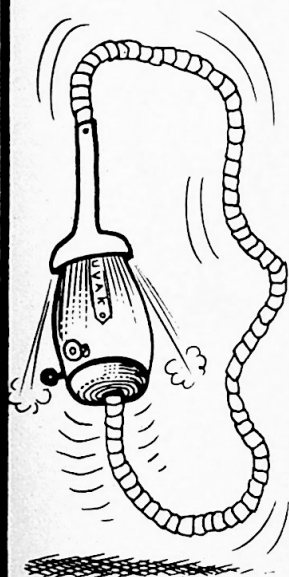
5



6



7



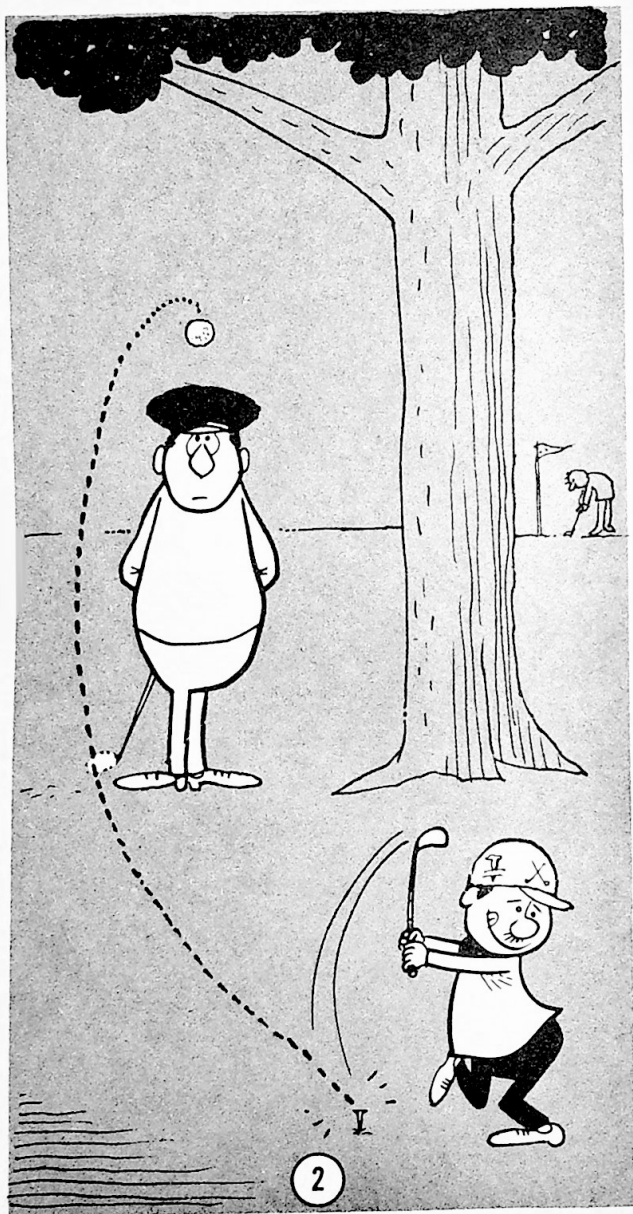
8

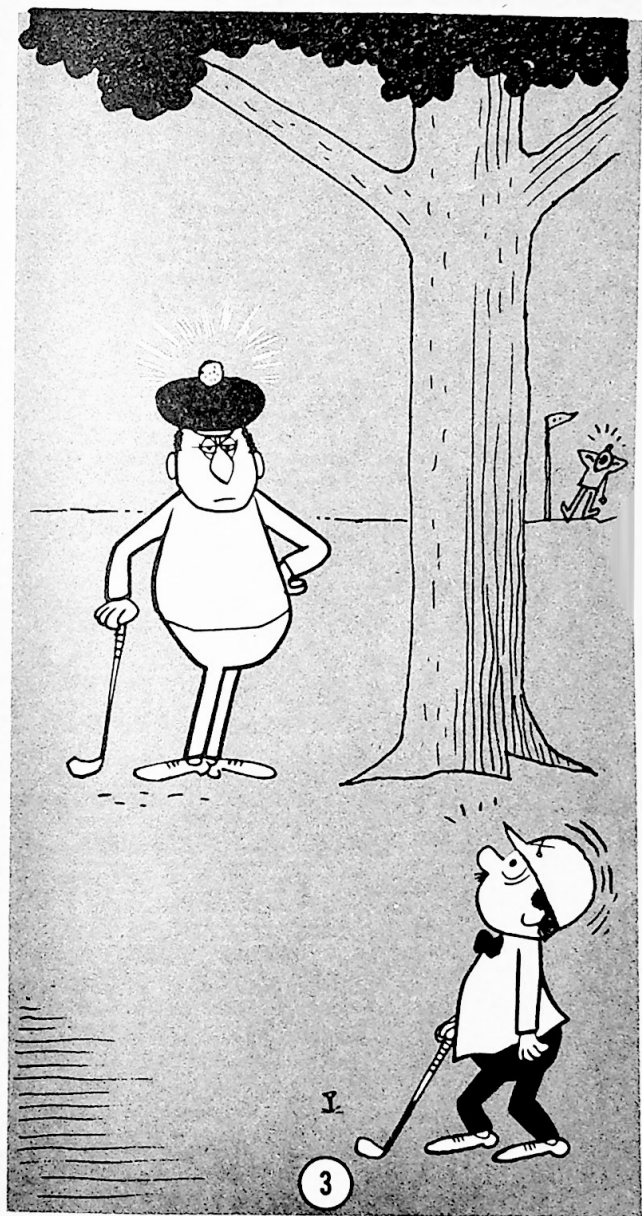
9



A heady experience





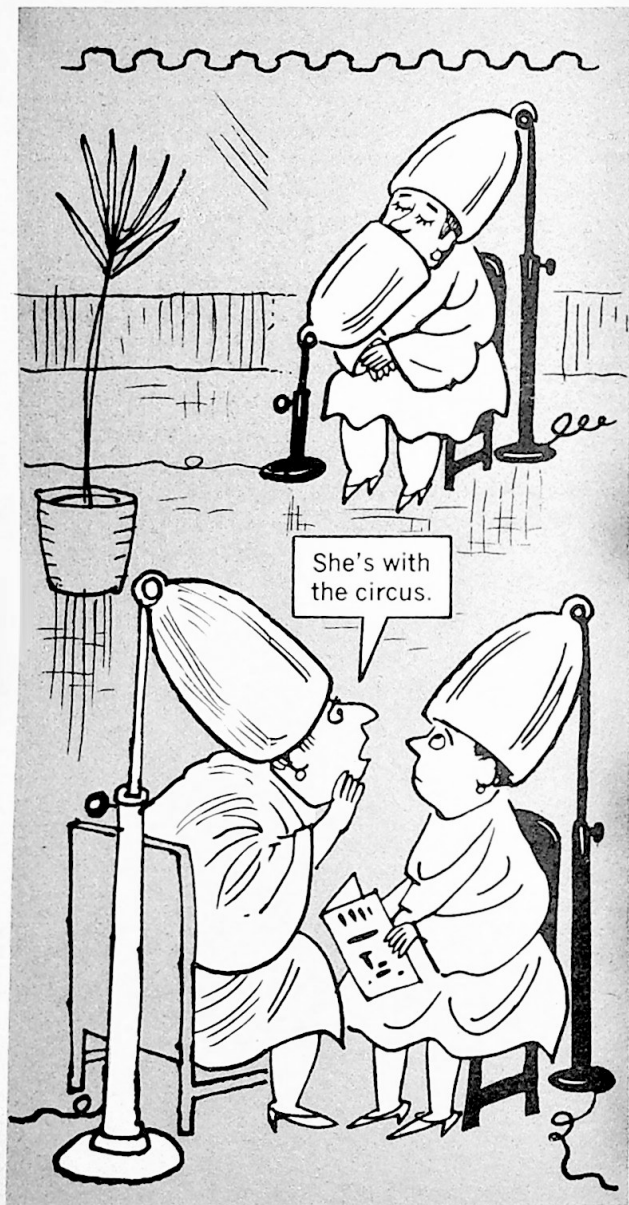


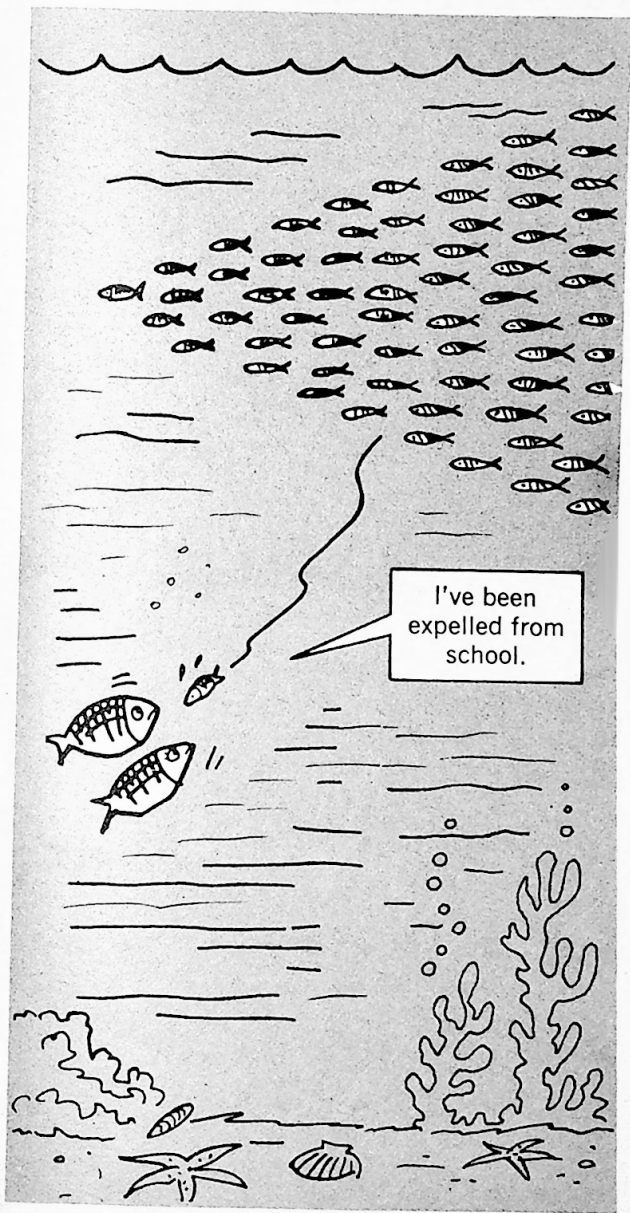


CHAPTER 23

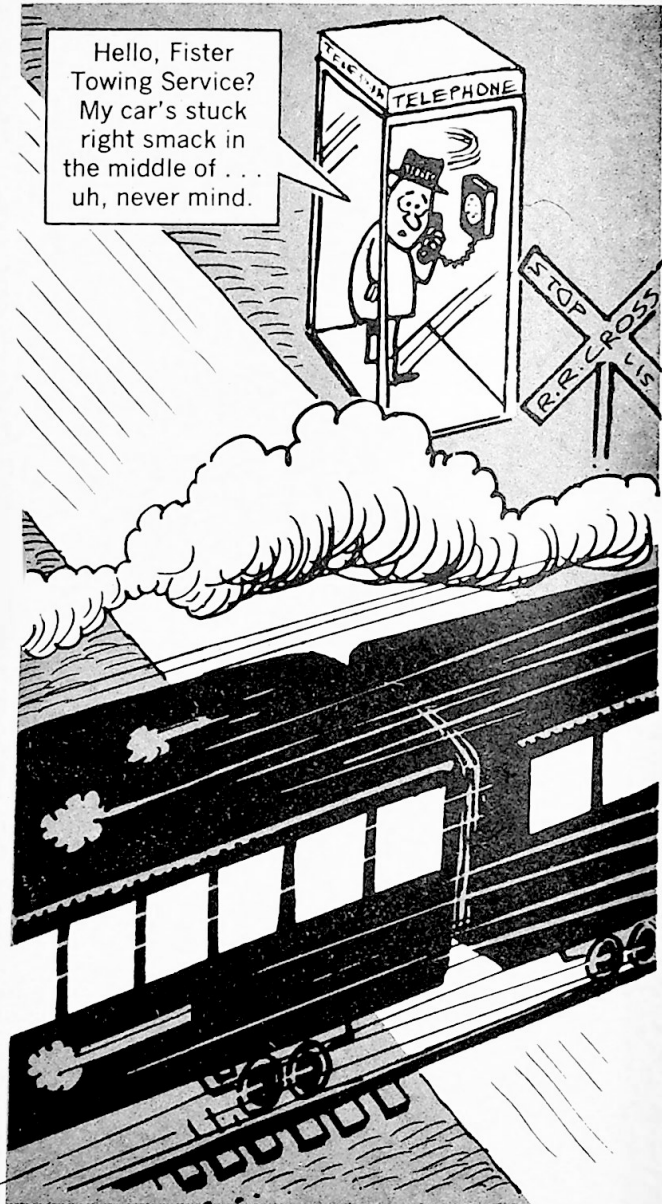
Another aggravating
aggregation of
irksome irrelevancies

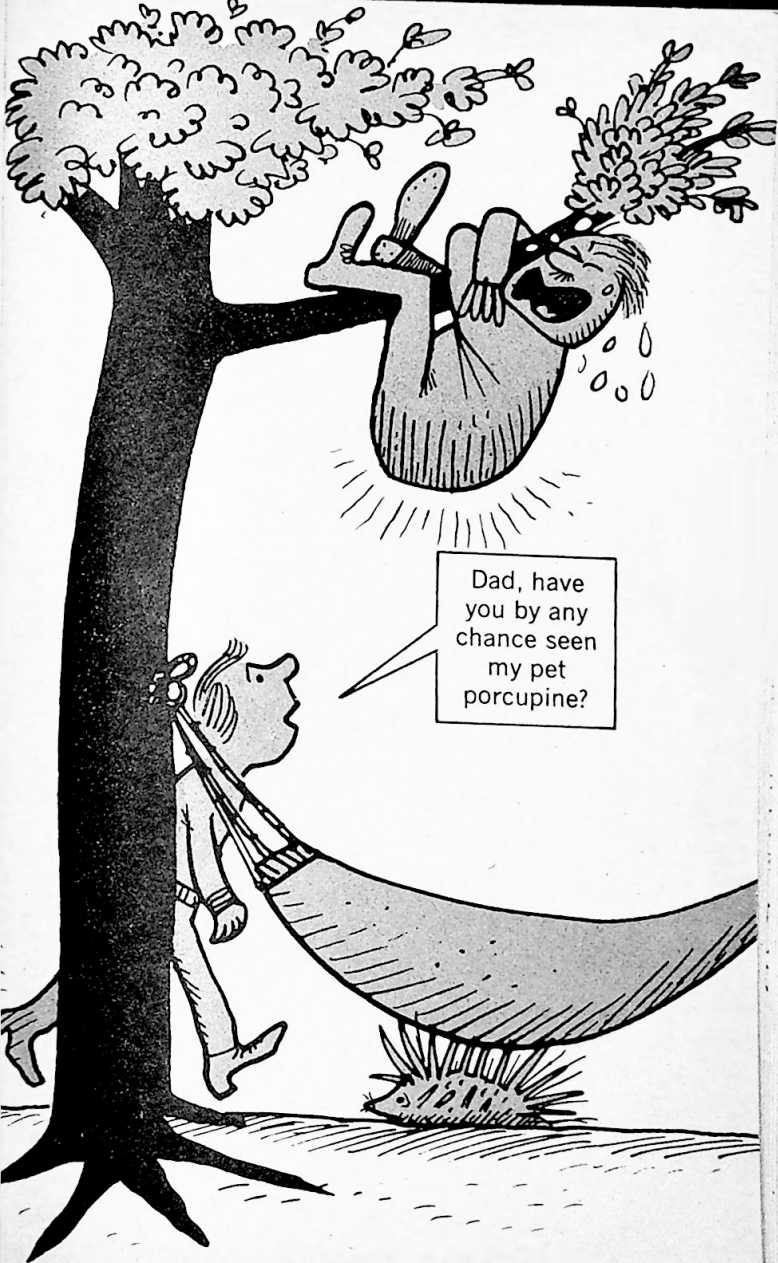




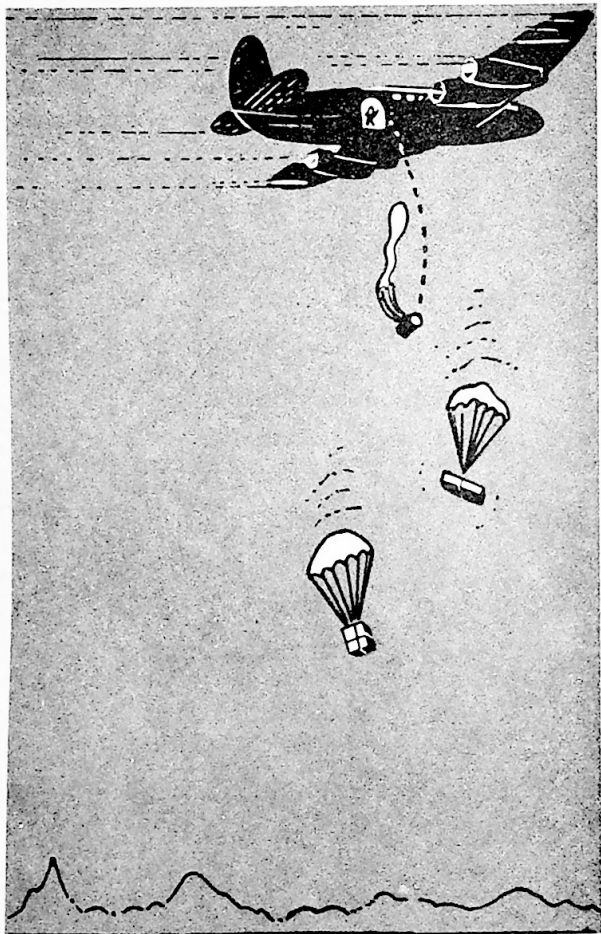


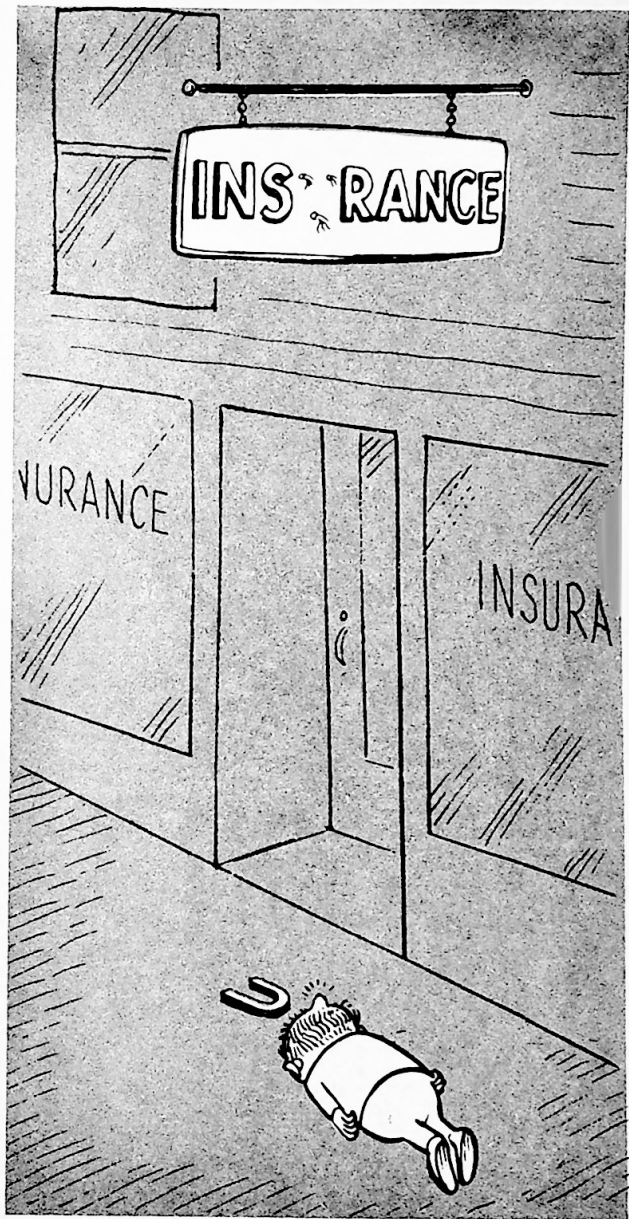
Hello, Fister
Towing Service?
My car's stuck
right smack in
the middle of . . .
uh, never mind.



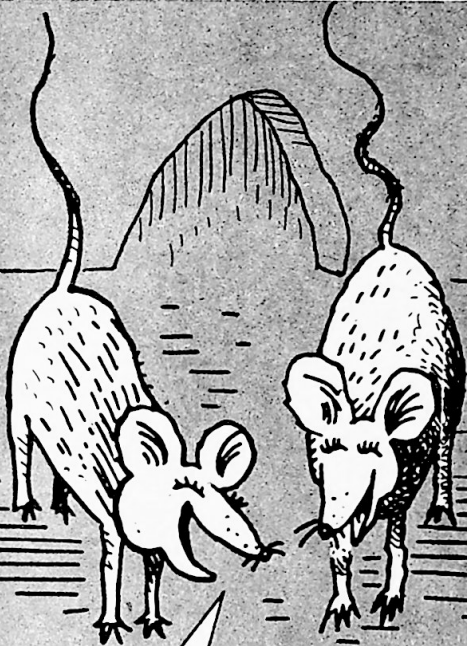


Dad, have
you by any
chance seen
my pet
porcupine?



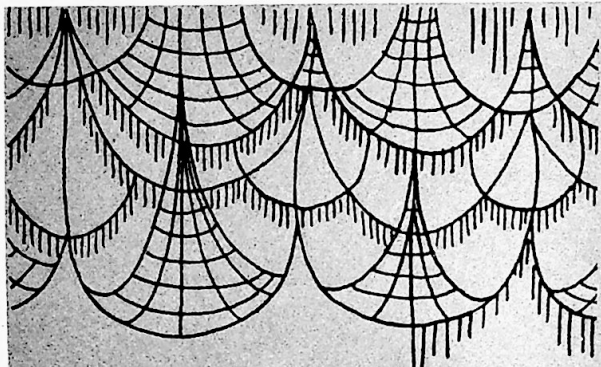




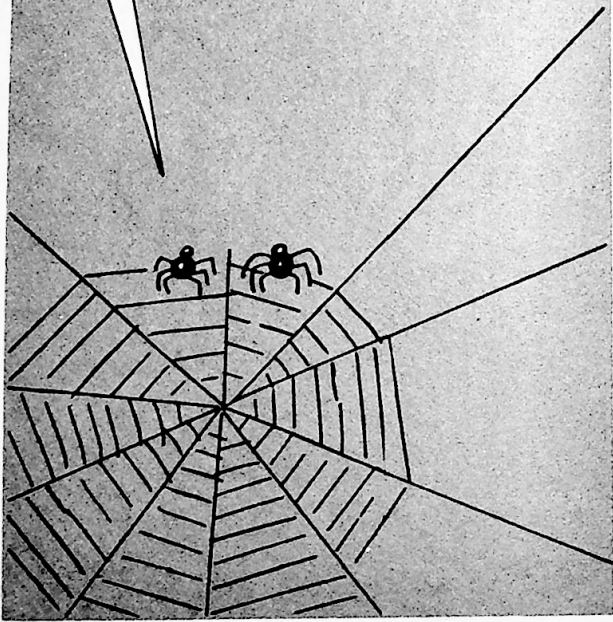


I really
shook him up
with, "What
are you, a
man or a
mouse?"!



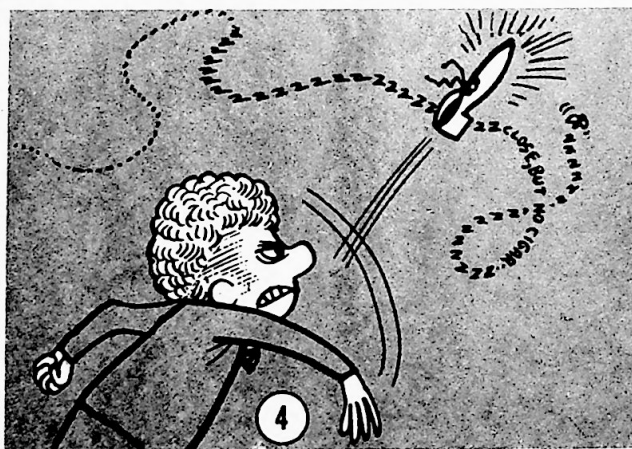
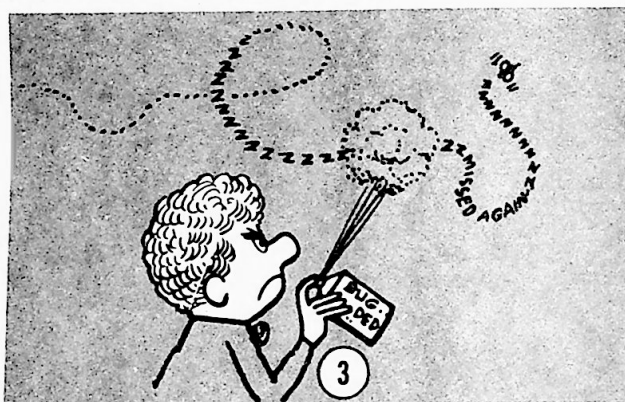
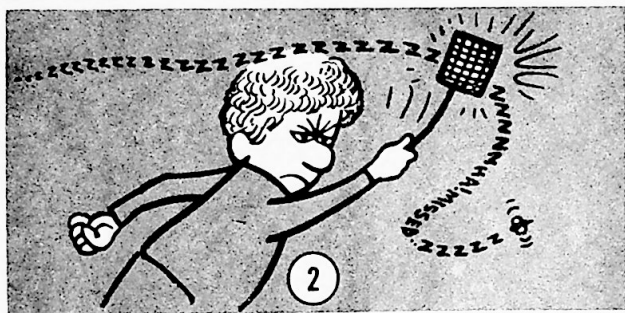


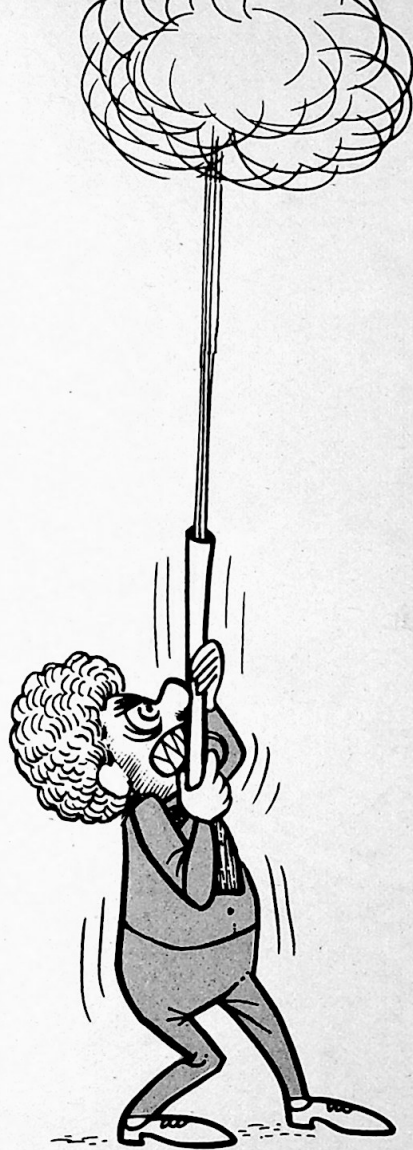
I can't
stand a
show-off.



Bugged bothered and bewildered











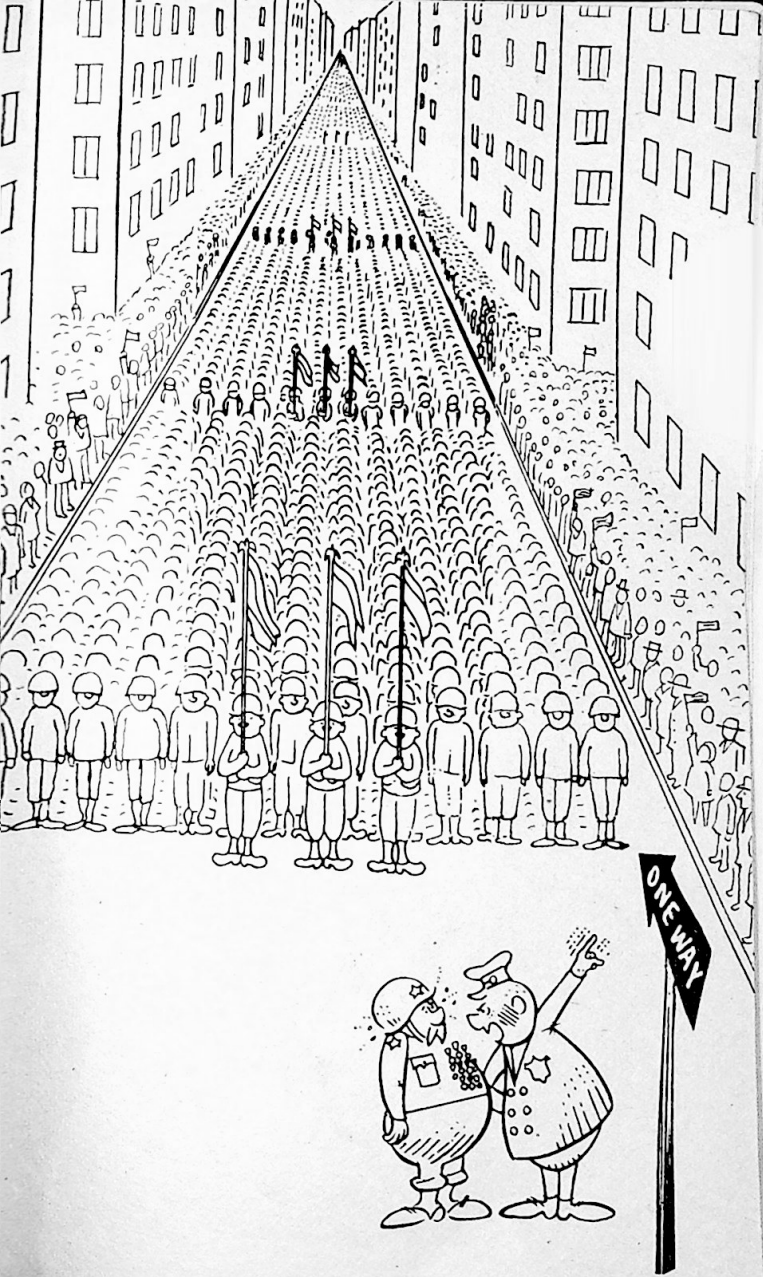


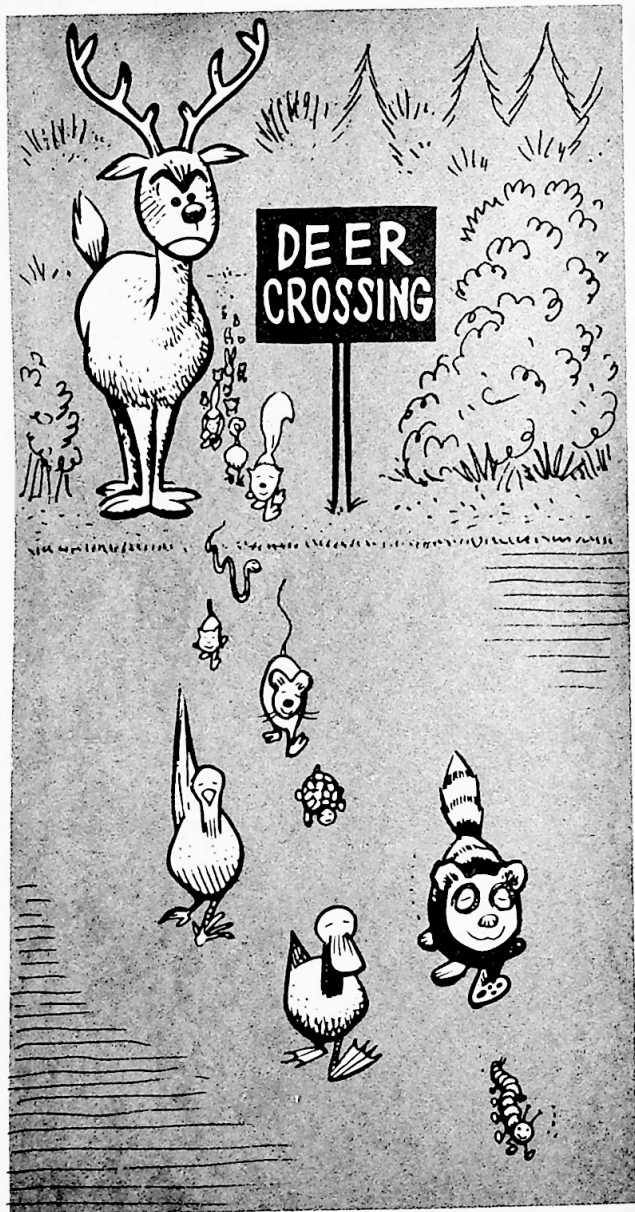
A final assemblage
of pointless pranks

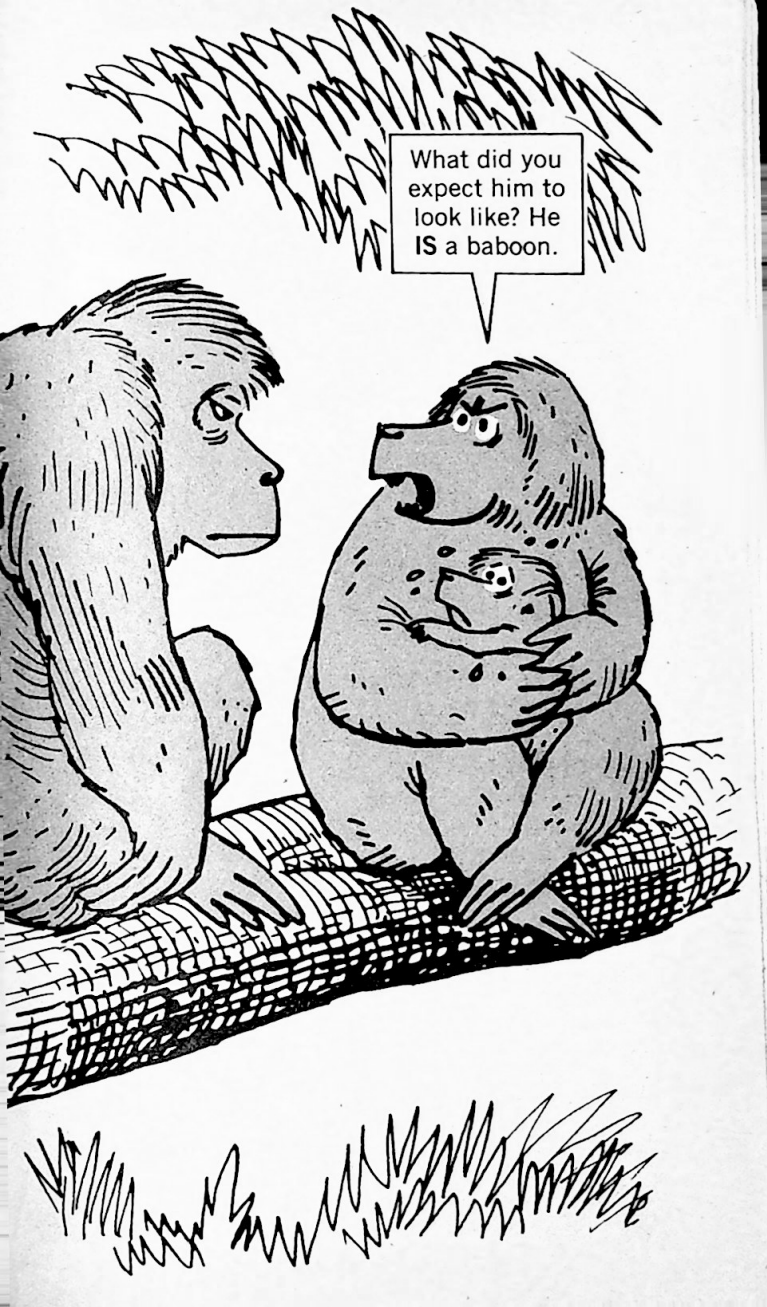


PUBLIC LIBRARY

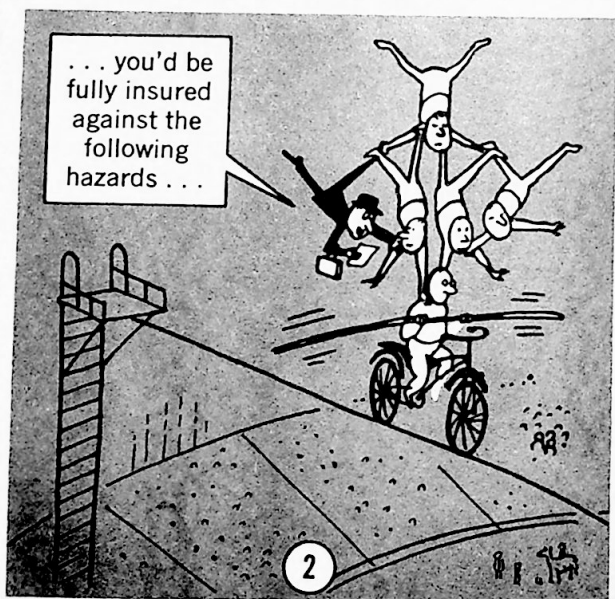
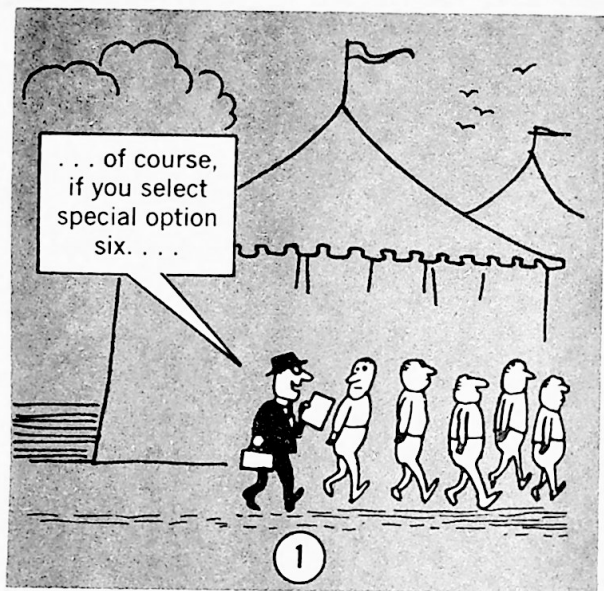


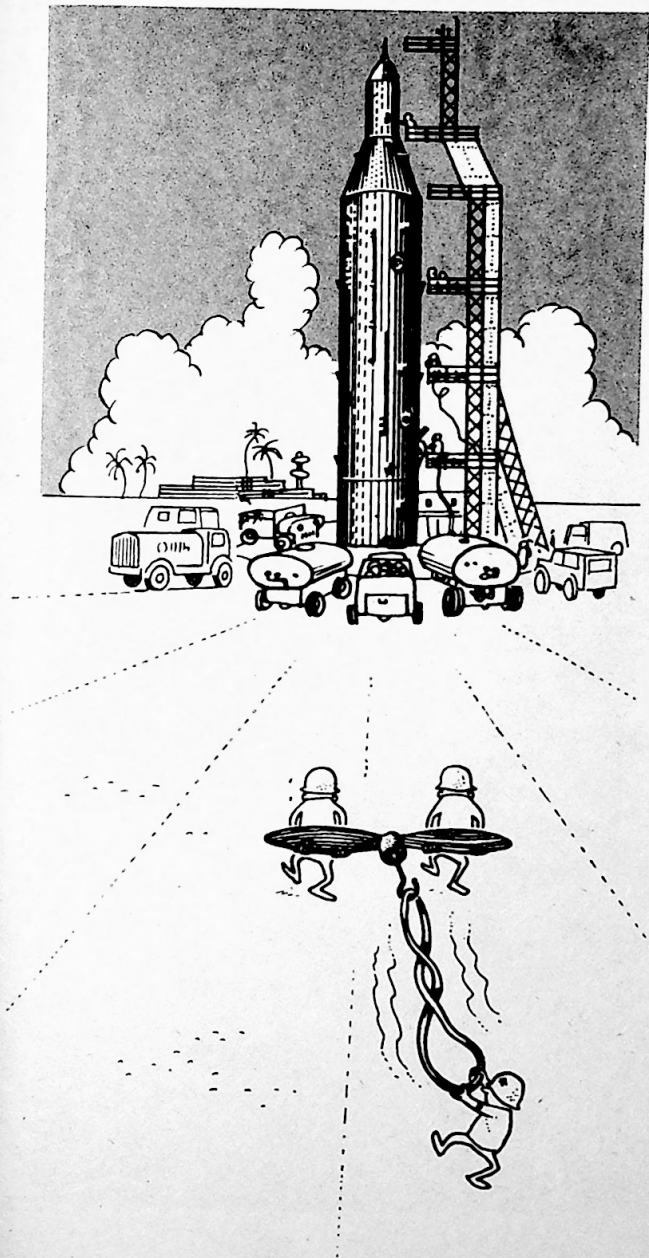






What did you
expect him to
look like? He
IS a baboon.





He finally cracked after
eight straight hours of
daytime TV.



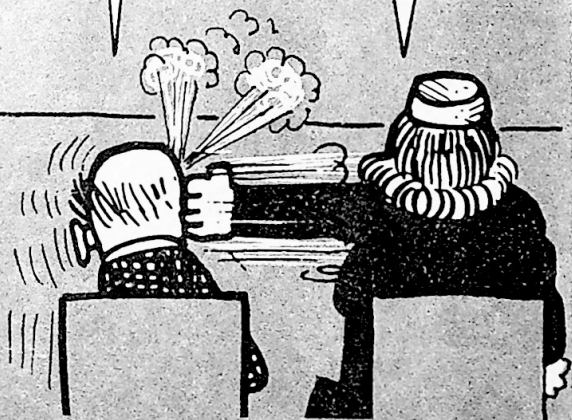
MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

Tell me in your own words just how the trouble starts.



Well . . .

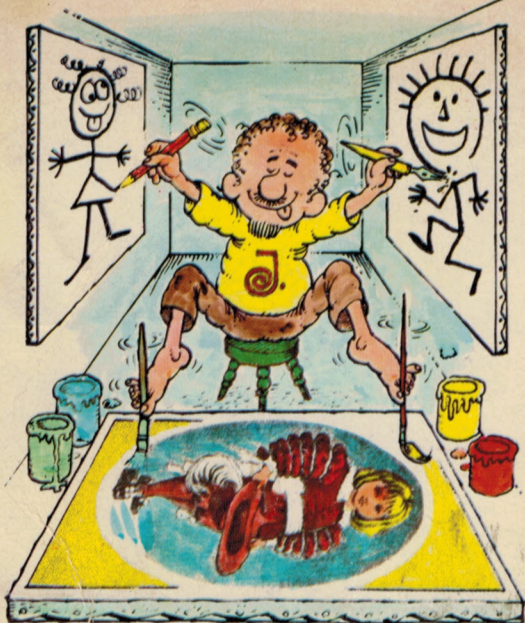
I'll tell it!



THE END OF THE
WORLD, WHKH
WAS SCHEDULED
FOR YESTER-
DAY, HAS BEEN
POSTPONED
INDEFINITELY
DUE TO LAST
MINUTE TECH-
NICAL DIFFI-
CULTIES. WATCH
THIS SPACE FOR
FURTHER DE-
VELOPMENTS.







The multi-talented Al Jaffee, who has been around more years than most people care to remember, has been a major contributor to such distinguished publications as "Fertilizer Review," "Garbageman's Quarterly," "MAD Magazine," "Trump," "Humbug", etc. He is author of the bestselling **SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS**. So, if you're tired of material that informs and uplifts, and just want something that will insult your intelligence, this is the book for you.

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Al Jaffee
GAGS